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Special Features This Issue
Benedict Arnold's Gunboat Found
All the Boat Anybody Needs - Trailer Tips



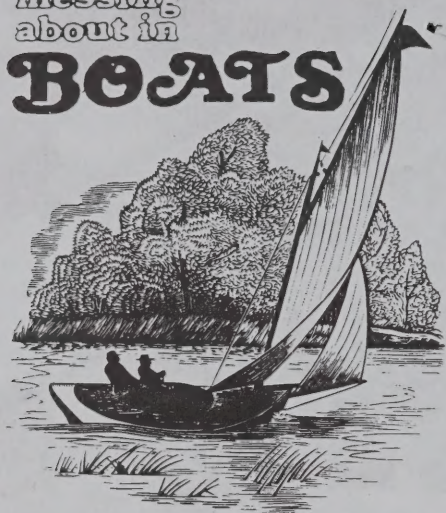
messing about in BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 21

March 15, 1998



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In Our Next Issue...

Garry Cerrone tells us about a Chesapeake sail in "Heading Home"; Reinhard Zollitsch reports on his coastal trip "Downeast All the Way"; Jeff Hillier details the perils of trailering a just purchased boat home in "Road Worriers"; Rick Klepfer continues his "Musings From Mustique" and we are up to Chapter VII of Lewis Freeman's "By Waterways to Gotham".

James Flint describes building "My Father's Bateau"; Davie Moore explains his "Unsinkable Survival Craft"; Tony James presents his "Bristol Channel Flatner"; Bernie Wolfard announces "Another Northwest Kit Boat Builder"; Richard Carsen continues his "Dreamboats" series with "Chris Colomb"; and Mike Badham continues with the AYRS saga in "Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals - IV".

Glen L. Marine brings us their ideas on electric power for small boats in "Is There an ED in Your Future?"; Bob Brown discusses "Tack & Tape or Wire Tie" and we'll have details on a handy small craft rigging aid in "The Mast Up".

On the Cover...

Just dawdling along in a nice small boat, one of the simple pleasures to be found in messing about in boats as we see it. More of Jim Thayer's photos of such lovely small craft are featured in this issue.

Commentary...

We just received our exhibitor info on the 1998 WoodenBoat Show as we go to press with this March 15 issue on February 13 (a whole month lead time seems necessary to get the magazine to you in a timely fashion). The big news is the move to the Chesapeake area at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels on the Maryland eastern shore. The show has been conceived in its current manifestation as something of a moveable feast, so the move to the Chesapeake seemed inevitable. A whole new population of folks interested in wooden boats can now enjoy this experience without having to travel to New England.

Getting out of Newport, Rhode Island was a major plus for this show, the two years way down east in Southwest Harbor, Maine served the show promoter, *WoodenBoat* magazine well, tying in nicely with its 20th anniversary celebrations at nearby Brooklin in 1994, but it was a long, long haul even for New England wooden boat lovers. In 1996 and 1997 the choice of Mystic Seaport Museum worked out well for all, despite the steep admission required at that expensive location. Centrally located to the population centers of the Boston, Providence, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford and New York metropolitan areas, the Seaport experienced record attendances for the late June weekends, and *WoodenBoat* basked in the sea of humanity attracted.

Now it's the Chesapeake's turn, and about time. The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is no stranger to this sort of gathering on a smaller scale, its annual Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival gets major coverage from us each year, it's a great place for small boats to gather. But this museum is much smaller than Mystic in size, so the show here will of necessity be much more compact, even crowded. But after seeing how *WoodenBoat* handled the cramped facilities at the Southwest Harbor marina I have faith that the small size will result in coziness rather than in being cramped.

We will be going of course, as this is a good opportunity for us to meet new people not yet aware of our little magazine. It's been very pleasant to meet old friends and faithful readers at the previous shows in our own neighborhood, but part of the ongoing reality for a publication like this is the need for reaching out to new readers who may find the magazine just what they want. We

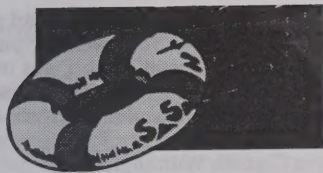
expect that many of our "regulars" seen the past half dozen years will be absent this year, but are looking forward to meeting readers from the Chesapeake and south who have not made the long trek to New England for bygone shows.

You can expect a great turnout of wooden boats, builders and suppliers. Valerie LaFrance, who has managed this WoodenBoat Show to its present level of success, has alerted all of us who participated in the prior shows that she has a long list of potential exhibitors in hand and that our "first shot" at available space, as bygone show supporters, is but a small window of opportunity before she starts accepting new people. If Mystic space "sold out" then St. Michaels will do so even sooner, given its less spacious grounds and waterfront.

As a boat show intended to market wooden boats this is no crass commercial affair replete with stereotypical salesmen in blue blazers. If you are looking into wooden boats as something you might want to get into, no better opportunity exists than this for seeing a great variety of wooden boats all in one spot. If you're already a wooden boat owner/lover you may be looking for something else, or if you are happy with what you have now, this becomes a day of entertainment, basking amidst all the wood amongst a crowd of like minded people who already understand what this addiction is all about.

We were at the very first Wooden Boat Show back around 1981-82, before this magazine existed. It was held at the Newport Yachting Center and our recently formed Peabody Museum TSCA group was invited to set up an exhibit along with the museum as an attraction, no charge. While I cannot say that the experience directly influenced me into starting this magazine in 1983, I do feel it contributed to the flow of consciousness that was heading me this way.

Today we still enjoy participating. It is good for business, but that's not the whole story. Despite 350 plus issues published since 1983, and the never letting up every two weeks cycle of publication of this magazine, we still are powerfully attracted to small boats, wooden boats included, and to the people who participate in this activity. Plan to attend and be sure to drop by our booth, wherever it may be and say hello. We'd like to meet you.



Small Boat SAFETY

Five is For Danger

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

It had been a most pleasant and successful midweek pollution patrol, pleasant as it was a beautiful day with very little boat traffic, successful because after checking more than a dozen public and private marinas in our assigned 35-mile stretch of the Inter Coastal Waterway, we could report that we had not found any indications of pollution or trash accumulation. We did fish one stray plastic bag out of the water, but that was the extent of the "environmental hazards" we encountered.

We were bound for home at minimum planing speed, our work completed, when we saw ahead of us a tug pushing three heavily loaded barges. Of course, we slowed and pulled over to the extreme starboard edge of the narrow channel to give him all possible room, so we were both startled and astonished when, suddenly, he gave five blasts on his powerful air horn.

Reaction one was to come to an immediate stop.

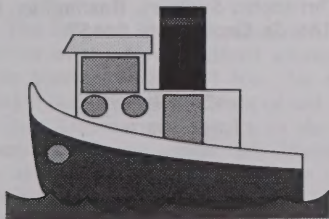
Reaction two was to switch to Channel 13, the bridge-to-bridge channel, to ask about the problem.

It turned out that the leading barge had gone aground at a turn in the ICW. The tug's skipper was about to back down, and he was concerned that when the barge came off the sandbar, wind and current might swing the whole tow to his port and crush our 18' Auxiliary vessel.

As it turned out, there was no problem. When the barge came free, the tug's skipper remained in complete control. As soon as he gained steerage way again, he radioed us to complete the pass.

We were impressed! That tug's skipper was a true professional. He anticipated the possibility of a dangerous situation and he took steps to make sure that trouble never happened. "No problem, Cap," he said when we thanked him, "It's all in a day's work."

I have always been impressed by the skill of those tug skippers with their huge and clumsy tows. After that experience I am also impressed by their thoughtfulness. They set a fine example for us recreational boaters.



"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell

Readers wishing to contribute stories to the *Old Ed Stories* can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St., Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.



Keeping an Eye on the Boat

I ran into Richard Fewtrell the other day and he told me he had run into Captain Bob Roberts, who was the last commercial captain under sail in England's West country. Bob reminisced about a retired coasterman who did little favors for the owners of boats in the harbor where he lived.

He was a rather well-known local character, and he'd been around so long that he knew something of everyone and every vessel he saw. He knew good maintenance and provided it, making and mending as needed, helping with spring fitting out in the yards and after launching, and keeping an eye on all that happened in the harbor.

He served as an unpaid watchman and nothing ever disappeared while he was around. The boat owners understood this and he never lacked for food or drink. As he got older, though, he became a bit less willing to leave the comfort of the Fisherman's Friend in order to take care of things.

One winter, Tom was engaged by the owner of a rather handsome yawl. The owner had decided that on some of the more temperate winter days, he might come down and take an off-season sail. Tom's duties were simple. He was to go out to the boat every week or so, keep the boat aired out, and make sure the bilges were kept reasonably sweet and dry.

All went well during November and early December. Tom went out in the owner's sailing dinghy and kept an eye on things. The boat never had more than a few drops of water in the bilge, so Tom began to feel a bit cocky. During the holiday season, other things occupied his mind and, with the new year, the weather got nastier than it had been over the past few years. For that and other reasons, Tom simply kept an eye out through the window. She was not, after all, even low in the water and he was surely not expected to risk life and limb in a small boat for the small fee the owner was paying him. The owner, having put his trust in Tom, never came down all that winter or even called to ask how the boat was doing. His business concerns also kept him away.

Eventually, April came and spring sprang into bloom. The owner's secretary put a call though to the Fisherman's Friend to tell Tom he was coming, and to make sure the boat was ready to go out when he got there. Tom looked out the window at the wind blowing across the harbor. It was blowing Force 6, but he knew what he had to do. He had to go out and put that boat to rights.

This was more of a task than it might have been had he not been making excuses to himself all winter to stay anchored firmly at the bar. After taking a couple of drinks to steel himself, he took the dinghy out to the boat and opened her up. When he opened the hatches, he was assaulted by a rancid smell. The bilges were about two feet deep, so his first job was to pump her dry. After he did that, he opened a sea cock and let fresh water in. Doing that a couple of times sweetened the bilge. He grabbed a scrub brush and gave the interior a going over while the linens aired on deck. Using the dinghy, he scrubbed slime from the sides of the boat. In all, he spent the day doing what he should have been doing through the winter. When everything was reasonably squared away both above and below, he set off to row home.

As can be expected, a small sailing dinghy is a very marginal boat to row in nasty conditions. Progress per stroke can be measured in inches rather than feet and missing a single stroke can cost yards. It can be imagined how Tom felt, then, when certain biological pressures reached intolerable levels half way across the harbor.

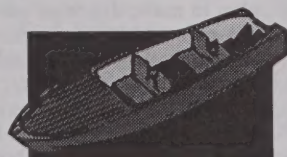
Fortunately, the rowing thwart was also the mast step and the boat had a sculling notch. Quickly shipping one oar and setting the other in the notch, Tom was able to maintain control of the boat with one hand and deal with his clothes with the other. After relieving himself, he got himself back together and brought himself and the boat home.

As soon as he landed, he went to get a bucket of water and a brush to clean up his mess. Coming back to the landing he met the owner coming up.

"Tom, some rascal has dumped his waste in my dinghy. Is this how you keep an eye on my boat?"

"Not at all, skipper. I'm right on top of things. As you can see, I'm on my way down to her now to clean her up. All the yawl needs is provisioning and you're set to go."

It was no wonder that he had such a reputation for taking care of things. The locals never gave him away.



You write to us about...

Your Activities & Experiences...

The Next Delta Cruise

In the January 1 issue reader Rags Ragsdale inquired about the scheduling of our 1998 delta cruise ("Cruise of the Small Craft", October 15, 1997). It is scheduled for June 8-12 this year.

I do know there is a 15 boat, 50 person limit, but anyone interested should inquire of Bill Doyle or Daphne Lagios at (415) 929-0202, ext. 10 about the San Francisco National Maritime Association's Gunkholing.

Bill Stoye, Campbell, CA

Small Boating in Scotland

At a recent meeting of the British Open Canoe Sailing group I was able to browse through a selection of your publications brought back from the USA by a member in 1995. I was most impressed by the magazine's content.

I sail a 16' Royalex Prospector fitted with a 40sf Bermudian sail which can be reefed round the mast. The leeboard and strap-on rudder assembly are custom made. I also sail a 13' Little Pete design by John Bull of Carlisle. Both give great enjoyment for small outlay.

S.H. Sutherland, Montrose, Scotland

Texas Canoeing

Spencer Canoe in Martindale, Texas, is about the best canoe shop we have in this state. They are located on the San Marcos River and are headquarters for the Texas Water Safari, a canoe race known as the "World's Toughest Boat Race", a 260 mile non-stop race from San Marcos to Seadrift on the gulf coast.

The owners have retired but the shop carries on operated by their sons. Old issues of your magazine are in the shop, enjoyed by many.

Marshall Foote, Seabrook, TX

Messing About in Boats Art Show

A juried art show involving 2D and 3D work in all media reflecting the sheer joy of "messing about in boats, with boats, on boats, etc." will be held at Constance Lindholm Fine Art in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, opening Friday, May 15, 1998. Artists may request a prospectus by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope. There is a non-refundable fee of \$25 for slides of 1 to 3 works, which are due no later than April 3, 1998.

Constance Lindholm Fine Art, 3955 N. Prospect, Milwaukee, WI 53211, (414) 964-6220.

Florida Anyone?

During the month of March I plan to be in Florida. I will be based at the KOA in Ocala but I plan to make day trips out from there. I would enjoy having company on some of these outings. I will have a solo canoe and a kayak with me, also a bike.

I am open to paddling anywhere in mid Florida from the Suwannee to Tampa Bay. I would like to see more of the Hillsborough

River and the Santa Fe. I would also like to paddle my kayak anywhere from Cedar Key south to Egmont Key on the Gulf coast.

Anyone interested in meeting with me there can reach me at the KOA Ocala at (352) 237-2138, leave a message for me.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley MN

Those Were the Good Old Days

I recently saw some prices of kit boats and was reminded of my first boat built from a kit. I had started to build a Penguin, had it framed up ready to plank when I got my orders to report for navy duty. I had the materials to finish the boat, but a boat at that stage doesn't have a ready market. I think I got back the materials cost more or less.

As soon as I was back from the navy in 1947 I wanted a boat. The Hagerty Company of Cohasset, Massachusetts, was advertising their Hagerty Sea Shell Kit, an 8' V-bottom pram, in *The Rudder* and *Yachting*. The price for the complete kit was \$35. There may have been a few bucks to Railway Express too. I built the boat in my backyard and added a sail rig, Marconi cat, and a daggerboard and rudder. I sewed the sail from unbleached muslin sheeting.

I cartopped the boat from Wilmington, Delaware to Cape Cod and had a great time sailing it on Lewis Bay in West Yarmouth. Those were the good old days!

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Your Needs...

Ultralight Amphibian Plans?

I need a plan for a stitch and glue (instant) plywood hull for an ultralight amphibian. I believe there would be commercial possibilities for such a venture. I can get all kinds of folks to put wings on it.

Ron Laviolette, 625 Fargo, Ionia, MI 48846, (616) 527-3718

Waterproofing Fabrics

Jackets and other garments treated with Scotchgard and similar treatments to damp-proof them soon get so that they wet through pretty easily. Several years ago I discovered a treatment that really waterproofs them.

Thompson's Water Seal is well-known for sealing masonry and wood, but I noted on the can that it was claimed to be effective for canvas and other fabrics. About four years ago I took my favorite nylon jacket, Eleanor's nylon raincoat, and my London Fog topcoat that were wetting through easily and treated them with Water Seal by painting all outside surfaces until they were thoroughly wet. Then I hung them on the line and dried them in the sun.

The thin fabrics stiffened slightly, though it wasn't noticeable in the topcoat. Eleanor's faded purple raincoat became deep purple again and to this day the three are

waterproof. Water beads into drops and runs off them. My favorite foul weather jacket got wettable recently and while I was treating it with Water Seal I wondered if readers were aware of this simple waterproofing technique.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Lightning And Small Boats

I have owned several small fiberglass sailboats over the years and know of two Catalina 25's that were hit by lightning and sank. Both incidents were very similar, the boats were at moorings in close vicinity to others both larger and smaller. The lightning hit the masts and followed the wiring to the transducers for the depth sounders, melting plastic through hull fittings and sinking the boats.

These boats are mainly built of non-conductive materials with plastic hull fittings for electronics with no way for discharging to ground. The only metal below water is the swing keel which was not electrically connected to other parts of the rigging or hull. Under certain conditions I believe the boat acted as a large capacitor building up a charge which draws a reaction from above.

After the first of these incidents, I went to K Mart and bought a set of battery jumper cables. I split apart the two halves of the cable and cut the clip from one end, stripped the insulation back about 16" and slightly separated the heavy copper strands. When leaving the boat or when caught out in a bad situation, I'd simply clip the ground cable to an upper shroud with the copper wires in the water thus providing a good path to ground.

Dick Berger, Stuart, FL

This Magazine...

Continued Enjoyment

I continue to enjoy *Messing About in Boats*. The "By Waterways to Gotham" serialization looks great. Phil Bolger is in a class by himself. Were he Japanese he would be considered a national treasure.

George Ellis, Rockville, MD

An Effective Advertising Medium

I am grateful to you and your magazine. It is an interesting magazine and it is an effective advertising medium. I have had more responses from my ad in *Messing About In Boats* than all my other ads in various publications combined. I would be fairly accurate in saying also that it runs a very close second to any results achieved at the boat shows I've attended, at a fraction of the cost.

While all the calls don't result in sales, I am getting calls and the majority have seen the ads or have been told about them from someone who reads the magazine. It is a very positive demonstration of how advertising is supposed to work.

Christopher Stickney, Boatbuilder, P.O. Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857.

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Your Projects...

Revised 5' Canoe

I've revised my 5' canoe, using the same building form but changing the shape of the stems, and installing long deck coamings, outside stems and keel so it now has the general appearance of the pre-World War II Old Town OTCA. I have to charge as much for building this as for the full size canoes but still have three on order.

Burt Libby, Burt's Canoes, Rt. 1 Box 1090, Litchfield, ME 04350

News From Lanester

At Brest '96 I ran into a group building a strip plank replica Beetle whaleboat. I have had some correspondence with M. Bruno de la Monneraye (See Sept. 15,) who is pushing the project including the following just received which provides some background on the project.

Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO

"Dear Jim, so many peoples were giving us heartenings for our project and that was golden mail receiving your letter last Jan. The yard was proceeding step by step:

Cedar batten hull with glass & epoxy outside and inside.

Composite frames, plywood center-board & case.

Steam formed sapelli risers, guard rails & wales.

Red cedar ceiling, polyethylene foam panels for buoyancy.

Oak Lions Tongue, steer oar brace, cuddy boards.

Always minding the whole proportion of the boat. Saving weights & materials towards the final use in coastal drills i.e. windy weather and water inside.

After lying counterstem, stern & keel, polish and painting, we plan the christening of the whaleboat on May 24 and the sea waters will wash out all the worries and open the way for young optimistic crews.

I will give you the news as *Sterenn* will be afloat.

Sterenn, A Boat For Lanester

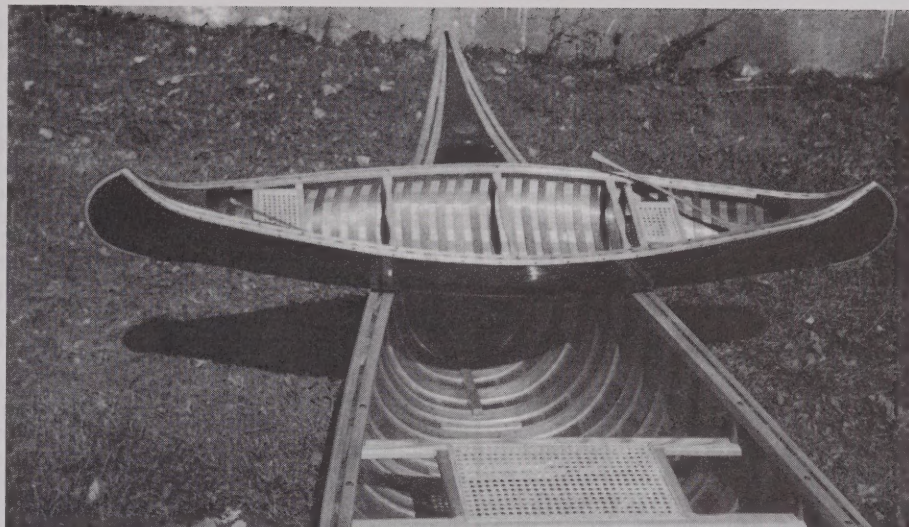
Lanester, third largest town the Morbihan, facing the Lorient roadstead, has always earned its living from the sea. As far as records and tradition can reach, here have been fisheries and then shipbuilding. All the entailed skills, shipwrights & draughtsmen, smiths, welders, riggers, and seamen too, have worked the shape of our country.

Two hundred years ago, an American Quaker, Francis Rotch from Nantucket established in Port - Louis a base for his Southern Ocean whalers: In 1789 & 1790, seven whaleships leave the Blavet estuary, with locally recruited crews.

Today we are seeking to show something of the way they lived and worked, in building a whaleboat they could have used, light and swift, tried and tested across the seas.

The *Sterenn*, in 1998 completed, is the daughter of the New Bedford whaleboats, Beetle model, at 8m 70 loa, 2m beam, pulling 6 oars and setting 26sm of sail.

Our Association, thanks to the subscribers and to the supporters, leaded the yard, involving the students from Lycee Technique Jean Mace in Lanester and actually times come on entrusting the young



crews to take our darling for a drilling walk.

We rely our *Sterenn* will be able to carry all the kindness and the hope of our country, following in the wake of our whaling ancestors.

Bruno de la Monneraye

Ware River Windsurfer Rig

I was surprised and pleased to see my Ware Creek 15 on the January 15th cover, caught when my tactician and I were crossing the finish line 17th in the 60 boat fleet at the Mid-Atlantic Small Boat Festival at St. Michaels, Maryland last October.

Any readers interested in such a windsurfer rig on this boat or other Ware Creek boats, or who wish to compare notes on windsurfer rigging their own small boats should feel free to contact me.

Bob Austin, 4557 Ware Creek Rd., Williamsburg, VA 23188, (757) 566-3769, email: warecreek@aol.com

Windsurfer Rigs in My Garage

I was excited by the January 15th cover photo of the windsurfer rig powered sailboat. I have a half dozen windsurfer sails in my garage that I would like to use in this way. I had hoped the article would explain

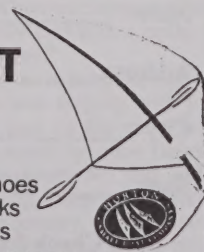
the details but I didn't find this information.

I imagine the universals are thrown away and some type of tapered extension (probably wood) is fitted up inside the mast, perhaps up to the boom area, and would be mounted through partners in the deck to a mast step. This is the arrangement on my dad's unstayed mast on his Finn. Is this how it's rigged? Am I even close?

Henry Champagny, Austin, TX.

Editor Comments: We put Henry in touch with Bob. More is coming soon on this sort of small boat windsurfer rigging.

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Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

It seems to me that fishing and boat-
ing run hand in hand and I have always
gotten far better results fishing from a
boat than from, say, a pier. Of course, I
would never think of fishing from my
teak-decked cruising sailboat, or most of
the other boats that I have owned, even
though it is tempting from time to time;
the thought of all that fish blood in the
decks is more than I can take.

In coming to Mustique, we felt that we
were going to be in a situation where fish-
ing would be easily accomplished; after
all, don't half the population of these is-
lands earn their living from the sea? In
preparation for this, we carried two sets of
fishing gear 3000 miles while visions of
tuna steaks danced in our heads. A few
weeks after we arrived, we headed out on
our first fishing expedition, down on the
wild and uninhabited southern coast. It was
here that we first became aware of the pecu-
liarities of island surf fishing.

One would think that the wind-driven
waves coming out of the east would cause
the currents on the south and north ends of
the island to run sideways and the westerly
currents would run away from the island al-
together and thus anything but the east
shore would help in carrying the fishing
lines outward. This theory was immedi-
ately shattered and we discovered that on a
island, in defiance of rational laws of
physics, waves run to the beach on all
sides, even if they have to plow over each
other at a 90 degree angle to do it! This of
course means that, in the revised theory,
all fishing gear will follow you back to the
beach like a dog fetching a stick. Wrong
again! In actual practice, all fishing gear
gets hung up on the coral reefs and is lost.

Doing some quick math in our heads,
we determined that we could not afford to
catch fish by this method and decided that
the best way would be to rent a boat to fish
from; hopefully one piloted by someone
who knew where the fish were. This plan
met an early death when we found that such
boats rent for \$50 US per hour. Again,
putting our considerable ciphering powers
to use we concluded that it was cheaper to
lose our gear on the reefs.

Next we began to look at the yawl as a
means to catch fish and so we rigged her up
and put to sea. In spite of having deployed
the most tempting and delicious of plastic,
day-glow squid, we trolled fruitlessly for
days. We made passes as close as we dared
to off-lying rocks and then long beats out
to sea; all to naught. This was quite enjoy-
able fishing though, since we didn't lose
any gear and we had free use of the boat;
the only problem was that we never had to
become concerned about fish blood on the
decks. The basic problem was that the
yawl just can't achieve speeds fast enough
for trolling.

We became more observant of the lo-
cal fishing customs and found to our cha-
grin that the island fishermen would sit on
a rock with only a hand line and an empty
hook and do far better than we could. Some
of them even used the unique method of

walking into the water with a face mask on
and fishing with a rod, placing the hook
right next to the fish of their choosing!
Even the shade of a merchant ship at the
jetty would provide a haven for fish and we
would watch as old ladies with fistfuls of
hand lines would catch dinner in short or-
der.

We then went out with imitation of
the islanders in mind. This meant that we
had to go to a place where the rocks jutted
out into the sea in such a way that the cur-
rents did not carry our gear back in or onto
the rocks. The time of day was important
as well; it had to be just at dusk and into
the early evening. All went well until the
sun was just about down and we discovered
that the sand flies have a method for catch-
ing people; you go out just at dusk.....

The best success that we had was on
the Bristol 40 which can achieve adequate
trolling speeds. The way this was done was
to have a stout fishing line with a heavy
rubber shock absorber tied into it at the
rail of the boat. This rig was payed out
astern and forgotten until a leaping fish
could be seen, trying to overtake the boat.
Naturally the fish would try to make heroic
leaps over the dingy painter, but with a lit-
tle perseverance, a fish could be landed in
one piece. Unfortunately, this option
soon ended since the owner of the Bristol
decided to head for the truly unspoiled
parts of the world where everyone is a
fishermen because the fish blunder right
into your boat in their enthusiastic bounds
across the waves.

Our track record in fishing here is em-
barrassingly abysmal, but the real truth of
the matter, and a sad one, is that the fish
are becoming less plentiful here and it is
not so easy to catch your limit. Although
Mustique puts a small direct load on the
stocks of fish, other neighboring islands
are nearly fished out and are sending buy-
boats here to satisfy the demands of their
markets. I will leave you to do your own
math on this one.

It seems that most people who be-
come involved in boating do so, at least
initially, to get themselves on the water.
Although they may later evolve into a per-
son whose primary source of enjoyment is
a finely formed watercraft, in the begin-
ning they surely must think of their boat
as merely a tool. This is true in my case
anyway and although I now almost prefer
puttering around a boat than actually sail-
ing it, my original reason for looking at a
boat was because it was the only way to
get myself into and onto the water.

Still, no matter where I go, I must al-
ways investigate whatever sort of water is
available; whether it be a dramatic ocean
vista in Maine or a lowly irrigation ditch
in Florida. Granted, no sooner have I seen
it than I am trying to figure out how to get
a boat into it; but the water itself is the
main attraction and to me an irresistible
one.

When I first came to Mustique, to see
if it was a place that we could exist happily
for a few years, I took a swim at Macaroni
Beach which is reputed to be one of the
finest in the world; this one swim con-
vinced me that no matter what else our
tenure here might involve, the beaches

would save our sanity. The water here is stimulating to every sense; an ever-restless panorama of motion, smell and even taste.

One's first impression of the sea is that of color; the water here has little color of its own, but rather is a mirror and amplifier to the sky, the clouds and the features of the sea floor. Turquoise and aquamarine are the prominent tones, but these are endlessly shifted and modulated to produce a palette of infinite variety and appeal. The deeper sections have darker shades running to deep indigos, while the shallows are the hue of a swimming pool with darker green strokes below that are not stationary but oscillate in our view from the rolling of the swells. To this canvas, we add the brilliant titanium whites of the curling waves as they break upon the near-shore reefs. The entire composition is continually shifted by the passing of clouds and the resulting play of shadow.

While color stands out as the most prominent feature of the sea, in actuality, the sound and smell are first in alerting our senses to its presence. Since there is no place on a three square mile island to escape these two stimulations, the mind relegates them to background noise and they remain suppressed until one travels close to the beach. The sound is an endless roar that terminates in a soft hiss as the spent waves retreat back to seaward; ghost crabs

in hot pursuit. The smell is that pungent essence of salt that is the embodiment of "clean".

In fact, the smell is at times a visible, palpable thing since it is so concentrated that it can be observed emanating from the combers and drifting across the sand in wispy, saline clouds. It is this mist that complicates life on an island such as this though, since it corrodes every metal thing that it comes in contact with and gives you the feeling that it might be doing the same thing to your internal organs.

But the true tactile experience of the sea cannot be appreciated without actually immersing oneself in its form. The temperature is of surprising warmth which is at first registered as a disappointment in one's desire to find relief from the heat of the day. But once adjusted for, it is a delightful temperature which does not draw heat from the body and which never causes one to consider coming back to shore or risk blue and chattering lips.

Most of the beaches on Mustique are in bays that have a reef in their mouth; this results in the waves being diminished to a manageable level, but still leaves an active surf that is most enjoyable to play in. For the adventurous, there are plenty of days when the seas run high enough to breach the reef and come in to shore with some real power.

A swim in these waters is a relaxing experience since the salt content renders the buoyancy quite high. If one inflates one's lungs, it is an effortless feat to keep head and shoulders above the water. Looking down, the bottom and its features can be easily seen, even though the water might be 30 feet deep and the wind ruffling the surface. Fish are in abundance and although the local fishermen catch sharks off the beach at night, none are ever seen during the day and no one has ever been bothered by a shark while swimming. There are also sting rays and sea snakes that can be seen maneuvering over the sandy sea bed, but these also seem to know that the sea is for all and that we should co-exist in this watery paradise.

Since the interior of Mustique is dry and there are no lakes, streams or even puddles for most of the year, a water person must turn their attentions to the sea. A drive around the island, which might take all of 15 minutes, will reward the traveler with a wide variety of sea conditions and changing vistas that seem proportionally high in relation to the diminutive size of the island. It is this that makes the whole premise of life on Mustique possible for me, and if the sea were ever to lose its present charm, I think that I would have to take the next flight out.

(To Be Continued)

Under an ominous gray sky we gathered at the Rings Island landing. The high tide, supplemented by fresh water from upriver melting, had almost reached our dories. Ice cakes clustered in the slip, out beyond, the calm, gunmetal-gray river was clear of it. Despite the forecast, we five assembled decided to row up to Amesbury and back on the tides.

Three dories were tipped upright, then dragged on rollers into the ice cluttered water where they were equipped with ballast, oars, and life jackets. At long last (earlier winter rows were cancelled due to the ice) we were underway on our beloved river, which we had all to ourselves. Even the bothersome marina floats were shelved for the season.

A waning flood and a slight easterly breeze quickly found us in the "back river." There was a sense of excitement as the first flakes fell. The breeze freshened as it swung more to the northeast. Jasper March, 14, voracious reader, champion speller, and striving oarsman, and I talked happily on a wide range of subjects. I had some trouble hearing him, in the stern seat his back was to me. Every few minutes various ducks passed us by. Larry, 50, and his dorymate Caleb, 14, 100 yards on our port beam, were also engaged in talk. Jeremy, 21, new father, apprentice welder, and six-year veteran of our rowing club, pulled his dory alone. Now and then we would pass close to him and make small talk. His smiles were not from anything said, they were from being on the river with oars in hand.

At High Rock we stopped to sip hot coffee and eat coffee roll fragments on a sheltered ledge above the swirling current.

On up the river we easily pulled, the snow was coming now at an earnest slant from the northeast, our coats were soon covered. We passed Eagle and Deer Islands to port and

Substitute Snow Row

By "Thole Pin"

passed on under the Route 95 bridge for a brief moment out of the snow. Amesbury hove dimly into view, and we swung northwest toward Lowell's Boatshop, a venerable magnet to our dories. We rafted alongside its wharf and tried not to notice how silent and idle our favorite shop was. After a brief rest, we rowed out to join the slowly falling channel and the now fast falling snow. The islands, no longer clearly seen, again slipped astern. We gathered at the ancient ferry slip on the Newburyport side of Carr's Island. We tied up our boats and went ashore, where in the shelter of a distinguished and very old red cedar, we shared our remaining coffee and rolls.

Refreshed, we explored the island's wooded uplands. A long admired thatched lean-to, built by someone never met, had succumbed to the winter's heavy snows. Larry showed us his favorite ledge, a knoll where he had made a rough fireplace of stones. On the Salisbury side of the island, we happened upon fresh fox tracks. Their maker couldn't have been more than a couple minutes ahead of us, the tracks were still clean despite the snow which was accumulating quickly. We trailed it around the island, but never saw hide nor hair.

On a now fast ebb we headed reluctantly for home. In the expanse between Rams Island and the bridges we presented quite a 19th-century sight, three Banks dories silhouetted

against the snow on a colorless chop formed by tide against wind. I became Howard Blackburn looking for his schooner. My dorymate Jasper, not poor Blackburn's, and I noticed Jeremy almost out of sight, perhaps a quarter mile astern. We turned and rowed to join him. Larry and Caleb passed us by and took the lead.

En route I asked Jasper what he had been reading lately. He said, "*The Plague* by Camus," which made me happy because by chance a few months before I had also read it and had been much impressed. My 14-year-old companion and I, 63, spent a few fine moments discussing the mood evoked by that account, one without literary frills, of people carrying on honorably in a besieged suffering city.

As we approached Jeremy, I wondered why this usually powerful rower was going at such a leisurely pace. In the quiet of the gentle storm we came up close, his back was to us. When we passed close abeam he didn't notice us, his face, glasses covered with snow, was raised toward the western sky. He had a great look of contentment. When we came up astern he noticed us and quietly said with a smile, "I could stay out here all day."

Into the now stiff snow laden breeze we proceeded. My blood was singing with joy. We no longer talked, just let the great gray water, flanked to the south by once famous Newburyport, carry us down. We slid under the bridges, I imagining clippers, whalers, schooners from another century, yet almost this time, or so it seemed on the lovely lonely river.

At our slip, now covered with snow and half wet through, we slowly and easily worked together securing our gear and boats. I sensed that none of us wanted this non-competitive "Snow Row," this time together, to end.

When our old friend, an experienced sports fisherman, came from the States to visit us here in Puerto Rico, we offered to take him bottom fishing on our 12' sailing dinghy. Since he owns a big motorboat, our motorless dinghy was to be a different experience.

When we checked the weather from our house that morning and saw the clear blue sky all around, we decided that it seemed like as good a day as any to take the trip. Once we were out at sea I noticed, many miles down the coast, thunder clouds slowly forming from on shore in the southeast. They were so distant that they did not look threatening at all. Since we were going fishing, we had to sail to the "drop," a location where the sea bottom falls from 15' to 1000', a guaranteed fish gold mine. The sky above us was clear, the sun shining, the wind steady. Yet I could not help looking towards the distant clouds and remembering how unpredictable the weather around the Bermuda Triangle is. The clouds were certainly coming toward us.

But, we had not yet caught fish and therefore tried to concentrate on fishing. One hour later the wind started dying out, we still had no fish, and the clouds by now were hovering only about half a mile away. Finally our friend said in a subdued voice, "I have something big on the line." When he pulled it up almost to the surface he had a confused look and was reluctant to pull in the catch. "Bring it in, what are you waiting for?" my impatient husband exclaimed. When our friend swung the line into the boat, a big moray eel was wriggling from the line, its head and teeth gnashing right in my husband's face. "Quick, throw it out!"

Riding the Storm

By Smiljka Fitzgerald

my terrified husband now yelled. Then for a while, with the eel hanging on the line out of the boat, the two fishermen seemed reluctant about what to do with it. My husband claimed it was good eating and that it should stay. Our friend was in favor of cutting the line. Either way, they were still reluctant.

Moments passed and I was getting impatient at their indecisiveness. I did not think much when I picked up the knife and stuck it into the eel, just below the head. I heard a nervous voice, "Be careful, they are hard to kill, it's probably still alive!" It could wrap itself around my hand any second, he thought. But once I had the knife in the eel, I had no choice but to keep holding it firmly in its head. I tried to avoid its mean, threatening eyes. After a good breathtaking while, since the limp eel was not bulging, we pulled it in. It was dead. Both men started to laugh. Between two pros, an inexperienced woman solved the problem. "A kill shot," "beginner's luck," etc.

Knowing a little bit more about how vicious these animals are, I wonder if I would dare repeat the feat.

However, we had no time to celebrate. By this time the storm was practically above us. Threatening. The wind had died and I did not look forward to getting wet. We forgot our

rain gear, of course. As strange as it seems, getting rained upon in the tropics can result in strong shivering and eventually a bad cold. We were only three quarters of a mile from the marina, but with no wind and the sky darkening all around, it seemed like a long way from home.

"The wind will pick up just before the storm and bring us in," a wise voice said. Indeed, just as he said that, we were hit by the first gust, but different from predicted, the gust came with a downpour. With our hearts pounding from the rush, the boat was propelled forward like a bullet. Instead of being scared, I fully submitted myself to riding the storm, I sat on the bow totally fascinated with such a dramatic change in nature. The rain was torrential, lightning all around, I could hardly see from the thick rain curtain. But the little boat was flying self-assuredly. I later learned that the mast behind me almost cracked.

It seemed like we had covered the three quarters of a mile in seconds. I dropped the sails in perfect timing and, wet and exalted, we docked.

Since the best cure against catching a cold in tropical rain is a shot of some strong liquor (preferably tequila), we went straight to the local nautical club for a shot of that quick remedy. The owner and bartender, Yico, a character who reminds me of Anthony Quinn in the movie, *Zorba the Greek*, welcomed us with his notorious saying, "If you need a friend, come to me. If you need an enemy, come to me." On the barstool next to me a drunken sailor was mumbling, "It's a good thing you were not out in this weather."

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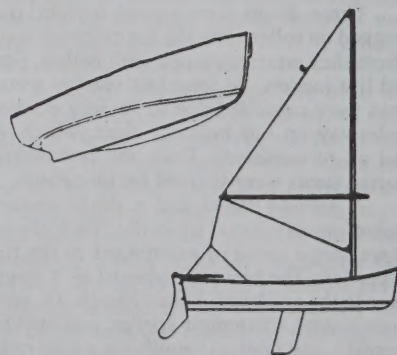
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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show in 1990 (WB#95):

"The word on the waterfront was that this show was different, and it sure was....the exhibits were real boats, and parts for real boats, and services for real people, and the folks in attendance were real boat enthusiasts."

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Lake Champlain historians have long been aware that one vessel from Benedict Arnold's 1776 fleet, lost the night after the Revolutionary War Battle of Valcour Island, had presumably sunk to the bottom of the lake and never been found. Over the years, many attempts have been made to locate it, but none succeeded. With the help of Dr. Robert Ballard of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, LCMM joined the search in 1988 and 1989, launching a survey specifically designed to try to find the missing gunboat, a sister ship to *Philadelphia*. While this first LCMM survey failed to find the Revolutionary War vessel, we did locate the 19th century schooner *Sarah Ellen* and two rare railroad cars that rolled off the deck of a sloop in 1849.

In the summer of 1996, as a response to the recent invasion of zebra mussels into Lake Champlain, LCMM launched another survey, the museum's most ambitious project to date. Using state-of-the-art sonar technology, we are systematically examining the entire floor of Lake Champlain, using strategies and equipment which will locate all large geological and cultural features on the lake floor. In 1996 the survey team, operating aboard *RV Neptune*, surveyed some 40 square miles of lake floor and located at least ten previously unknown shipwrecks. Several of these targets were examined in 1996, while the 1996 deep water targets were recently examined during a special remote operated vehicle (ROV) operation.

As the 1997 season began, the survey team once again embarked on *RV Neptune* to continue the methodical (and tedious) sonar imaging of the lake bottom. One afternoon, as the survey boat carefully moved back and forth pulling behind it the sonar towfish, a distinctive target appeared on the computer screen. This target, which had the outline of a double-ended vessel, looked intriguingly like it had a cannon hanging over one end.

The 1997 Lake Survey Project: Benedict Arnold's Gunboat Found

From *LCMM News*, newsletter of the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum

Could this target represent the elusive missing gunboat, sought after by so many for such a long time? In order to confirm the target's identity, the survey team organized a dive operation, sending Art Cohn and LCMM diver Pierre LaRocque into the depths to investigate the find. Upon arriving at the bottom, it did not take long for the divers to recognize the unmistakable features of a *Philadelphia*-class gunboat sitting completely intact and upright on the bottom. The short diving survey confirmed the presence of a cannon at the ship's bow and the complete mast, still standing to its full height. Upon surfacing, diver Art Cohn reported to the eagerly waiting survey crew, "We have a gunboat."

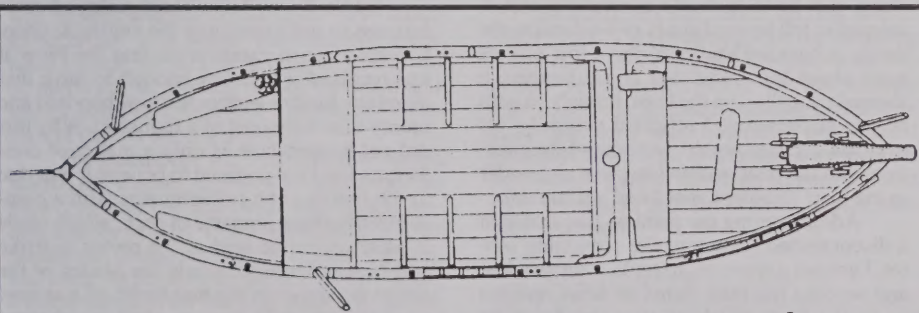
A discovery of this magnitude carries with it a huge amount of energy. LCMM was overwhelmed by the significance of the discovery and the realization that another important chapter of the survey story was just beginning. What were we to do next? How were we to share this public treasure, yet still protect it? What were we to do about the site's long-term management? In order to document the site with video and still images before making a public announcement, LCMM turned for help to Benthos Inc., a company in Falmouth, Massachusetts, that designs and manufactures ROVs and underwater camera systems. With the assistance of Benthos and operators Rick Gifford and Kevin McCarthy,

we were able to record hours of film and take hundreds of still images. What the ROV documentation revealed was an extraordinarily intact gunboat, apparently the same vessel that had been abandoned during the early morning hours of October 12, 1776, as Benedict Arnold encouraged his fleet southward after its hard-fought battle against the British at Valcour Island. The gunboat's eight swivel guns and its two large side cannons are gone, apparently jettisoned over the side in a losing effort to keep the damaged vessel afloat. Protruding over the stempost, however, still in place in its wooden carriage, was the original bow cannon, serving as a stark reminder of the vessel's mission 221 years ago.

With the initial documentation of the vessel complete, LCMM scheduled a public announcement of the discovery for the week before the 4th of July. At a press conference held in the shadow of LCMM's *Philadelphia* the message went out that the last of Benedict Arnold's gunboats had been found. U.S. Senator Patrick Leahy, a longtime champion of Lake Champlain, encouraged the assembled crowd to remember the historic events represented by this new discovery and to recognize the gunboat's ability to reconnect us to those important times. Like a shot heard around the world, word of the discovery was transported across the United States and beyond. For two days the country was reminded of the significant role Lake Champlain played in the development of our nation.

Discussions about the gunboat turned almost immediately to issues about its fate and questions about whether or not it should be raised from Lake Champlain. Over the past two decades, LCMM has strongly advocated to leave Lake Champlain vessels in the relatively stable lake environment. What everyone wanted to know, however, was whether the presence of zebra mussels and the expected appearance of quagga mussels would alter that policy in the case of this newly discovered gunboat.

Would it be better to preserve the gunboat underwater, or would the benefits of displaying the gunboat in a public place warrant the costs of raising, conserving, and exhibiting it? The next logical step in this decision making process will be to develop a management plan to analyze the archaeological site and to determine how best to preserve this precious cultural resource. LCMM hopes to participate in this debate as federal agencies and officials from Vermont and New York begin to make decisions about the future of the gunboat, so look for future updates as the story continues to unfold.



Preliminary deck plan of the new gunboat by Anne Lessmann.

LCMM wishes to extend its sincere thanks to everyone who donated boats to the museum during this past year. Some of these boats will be added to the LCMM Livery, and some will be put on display, but all of them are valuable parts of our maritime history!

Decked sailing canoe built by J.H. Rushton, donated by Robert Ballard, Mystic, CT.

Birchbark canoe, donated by Clifford and Lillian Harris, Ferrisburgh, VT.

14' blue skiff (circa 1930) built by a North Ferrisburgh boat builder, donated by Sue and Don Foss, Westford, VT.

Additions to the Fleet in '97

Old Town 25' canoe with sponsons, built in 1920 for Camp Zelenko on Lake Dunmore, Brandon, VT, donated anonymously.

Old Town 25' canoe, donated by Bob Schumacher of Canoe Imports, Burlington, VT.

23' Stonehorse sloop *Stardust II* (1933), designed by Sam Crocker of Manch-

ester MA, donated by Mr. & Mrs. Bill Hazlett, Colchester, VT.

1976 O'Day Mariner sailboat, donated by John Derrick, Bonnie Coulter, and Sanford Witherell, Jr., Middlebury, VT.

10' Maine flatiron lobster skiff, donated by John M. Baker, Addison, VT.

14' Amesbury sailing skiff, donated by Charles Jennings, Shelburne, VT.

13' Lyman lapstrake runabout (1951, with trailer and 1958 Mercury outboard motor, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, Shelburne, VT.

14.5' pike skiff, donated by W. Thomas Anderson, Shelburne, VT.

I have never been able to identify beyond all doubt just which one of the "Thousand Ras-cals" it was that tried to block my way. My large scale chart of this section of the north coast of Lake Michigan, soaked to a pulp, had gone overboard in fragments via the bailing bucket. A smaller scale chart which survived showed, on subsequent inspection, that the two shallowest patches of the inner reef of the Mille Coquins had three and seven feet of water respectively. The actual depths in both cases would have been a foot or two less than those given, due to the lowering of the general level of the lake by the Chicago Drainage Canal since the printing of the chart. Neither reef was shown in sufficient detail to give the variations of its soundings, save in somewhat blurred contours, and these were not clear enough to indicate whether either one was threaded by a channel. That I was headed into what was at least the beginning of some sort of passage, however, presently became evident.

With the boat driving along fairly comfortably in comparatively evenly running seas, while the breakers were combing over and cracking their heads against solid rock less than a hundred yards off either beam, I began telling myself that my old friend, "The Sweet Little Cherub that Sits up Aloft," was climbing down from his perch and getting ready to intervene for me again. It was certainly by no navigational skill of my own that I had hit the hole in what had appeared to be an unbroken line of breakers. Where an attempt to steer more than a point or two off a course directly before the wind and waves would have meant speedy swamping, there was nothing to do but drive ahead. This I had done, and with no more sanguine hope than that the worst would be only an upset, leaving me something substantial to cling to rather than complete disintegration against the rocks of the uncovered reef.

And yet here I was, while nothing but frothing combers thundered across black rocks to left and right, teetering along somewhat dizzily it is true, but still under rather better control than among the waves of the more deeply submerged shoals outside. As line after line of breakers was passed without any perceptible contraction or shoaling of the channel through which I raced, the hope grew that I might still drive through unscathed what was probably the most formidable barrier I could expect to encounter. Hope strengthened to confidence as a decided weakening of the force of the waves became apparent, and confidence stiffened to conviction when, from the vantage of the foaming crest to which the boat was momentarily lifted, I caught transient glimpses of quiet water less than a hundred yards ahead.

Racking my brain to account for this unexpected lagoon of refuge, I all but overlooked the more imminent wall of tumbling white that held the solution of the mystery. The bow was shooting skyward up the back of a roller that was curling over onto bared reef beyond before I realized that the haven of my hopes was formed by an unbroken barrier of rock which effectually fended it from the attacks of the intruding seas. The passage through which I had been driven was a cul de sac, a blind alley completely closed by a barely submerged wall of reef that cut it off from the lagoon beyond.

A table of green-black rock, streaked with runlets of foam from the preceding wave, seemed rushing up to meet the bows as the

By Waterways to Gotham

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain, and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Chapter VI On a Lee Shore

boat toppled over the crest of the breaker and plunged downward. My mental reaction could not have been very different from that of a man diving from the top of a skyscraper toward an asphalt pavement. I flattened down to avoid the solid impact of hard rock uncushioned by water. And so the crash, when it came, was an agreeable surprise. The blow was far lighter than I had braced myself, physically and mentally, to meet, while in place of the expected shivering of torn wood there was only the muffled rasp of metal. The breaker had put down enough water to shoot the boat on across the barrier to the quiet lee of the reef without touching her keel.

The blow that the boat herself had missed by a hair had fallen with full weight upon the outboard motor. Saved from annihilation by its automatic tilting device, and from being knocked off into the water by the grip of clamps deeply countersunk into the oaken stern, the little kicker's crescendo shriek seemed to tell beyond doubt of a wound to the death. A buckled shaft and three lost screws were about the worst that could happen, a sheered propeller pin the least. It might as well be one as the other, I reflected gloomily, for even the simplest repairs were out of the question with the boat wallowing gunwales under in the least turbulent spot I had yet run into.

Administering the painless anesthetic of a disconnected battery to the screaming motor, I got out a spare oar to replace the one lost and worked the boat round to head into the wind, the force of which, now that I was no longer running before it, I became conscious of for the first time. Then, with an occasional steadying stroke, I bailed out the water and did what I could to retrim such of the load as I could reach without leaving the rowing thwart. Finally I rubbed the water out of my eyes and reared up on sprawling legs in an endeavor to get some sort of an idea of the lay of the lake and what it portended.

The greatly increased speed with which the boat had been driven over the several miles of shoals had furthered my landward flight beyond all expectations. The nearest segment of the forest wall was not over five miles away, that to which I would be carried through the necessity of running dead before the waves perhaps a mile farther. The distinct line of gray-brown beach showing below the trees had more the look of rock than of sand. As the foreshortened wave crests made a mass of unbroken white beyond the narrow zone of com-

parative quiet in the lee of the reef, it was impossible to form any idea as to how far out from the shore the breaking surf was running.

The best, indeed the only, thing to do appeared to continue my shoreward run under oars. I decided to try it first bow-on, just as I had been doing with the engine. If unable to keep the following waves from breaking over the stern, I would still have the alternative of swinging the bow into the eye of the wind and backing to leeward before the storm. Finally, as a last resort, there would be my improvised sea anchor which, if it worked, would leave two hands free to devote to the several little duties that would doubtless be crying for attention. The plan seemed entirely feasible and, barring another uncovered reef and given a clear beach for the final run through the surf to a landing, I felt confident of carrying it through successfully. Renewed assurance came with the heave of the oars. There is nothing like rowing to steady the fluttering ends of fraying nerves.

Scarcely had I settled back to a pull than I noticed that the motor, half tilted from its collision, was impeding progress by dragging in the water. Reaching over the stern to lift it higher, I discovered that the propeller was still in place and, apparently, uninjured. Turning the screw to look for scars, I was surprised to feel the handle of the flywheel nuzzling against my chest. For an instant the full significance of that innocent prod in the ribs eluded me. Then my jaw dropped with a gasp of astonishment as the wonder of the thing that had befallen struck home. That blessed little Elto had accomplished the miracle of sustaining the full impact of the blow from the ridge of reef without so much as sheering the propeller pin. It was still ready to run and, half a minute later, it was doing so, driving me shoreward again before wind and seas that continued to gain force with every passing minute.

While I may have been guilty of carelessness in not examining the engine at once, I might state in extenuation that the blow it had received was heavy enough to have disabled any kind of a propeller nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand. Why this did not happen here is only a matter of conjecture, but I am inclined to believe it was due to the fact that the collision was with a comparatively sharp pinnacle of rock, which made it possible for the heel of the motor to strike and be tilted upward while the blades of the screw missed even the hundredth of a second contact that would have resulted in a sheered pin.

I subsequently had several pins sliced off when propeller blades came in contact with nothing more stable than floating driftwood. The racing of the screw which made me assume that the pin had been sheered on this occasion was, of course, due to the fact that the tilting of the motor from the crash had brought the wheel almost to the surface.

The elation induced by the discovery that I still had an engine capable of hurrying me on to land was responsible for my worst slip of the day, an oversight that came near exacting a heavy price. All the way across the shoals, my deepest current of apprehension had been due to a realization that the gasoline must be getting very near the bottom of the tank. The protected lee of the reef would have been the most favorable place I could expect to have for refilling. With the engine out of action, however, this had not occurred to me.

Then, with the discovery that it was still in commission, my hands and mind were so occupied in hurrying on my way again before the storm developed overwhelming strength that I simply forgot all about gasoline until the last drop of it went up in an explosive gasp a half mile beyond the reef.

With the seas already rolling high again, putting about and heading back against them to quieter water was out of the question. There was nothing to do but swing round into the wind and try the efficacy of my bailing bucket sea anchor, improvised against just such an emergency. It was fortunate that the oars were already in place in their ring rowlocks, also that the seas were still somewhat broken in force by the broad expanse of reef astern. I am inclined to doubt, indeed, if the boat could have survived being brought broadside to the weightier, steeper waves that were running a mile nearer land.

Even as it was, the sea that crashed against her port side tore off the fastenings of the spray hood and deluged her from bow to stern. Wallowing drunkenly under the heaviest load of water yet carried, she still yielded obedience to the oars. Sidling up the next wave quarteringly she took a reduced dose of the rolling green and its successor, met bow-on, she rode dry. Here I pitched the sea anchor ahead and paid out its hundred feet of line slowly as the waves backed the boat away.

Despite a tendency to buck and tug like a roped bronco (due to the lack of a passage for a steady current), my makeshift sea anchor performed quite effectually its function of holding the boat head-on to the seas. Although pitching wildly, she rolled out about as much water as was taken in, and that gave me a chance to turn to with a coffee pot and stew pan and bail her dry. Filling the tank with the specially devised can and hose was comparatively easy, without it I might well have spilled half a dozen gallons in getting one where it was needed, and that could hardly have failed to be mixed with water. The smashed spray hood I made no attempt to restore. It was not of much use in running before the wind and waves, and I had to have it down to get out to take in the sea anchor anyway.

The instant the sea anchor was aboard I started the engine, throttled it down, and ran slowly against the seas, watching for a favorable chance to turn. This I found in one of the occasional broadened intervals between crest and crest. As the boat descended to the trough, I threw the tiller all the way over and, as she jumped ahead at the kick of an accelerated screw, spun her around almost in her own length. The next wave did all it could to catch her broadside, but the maneuver was the wink of an eyelash too quick for the marauder. Not only did it fail to put anything solidier than spray aboard us, but it also had to endure the ignominy of having us shoot along for 20 yards on its foam bristly back. It was an encouraging start for the last leg of the race.

I passed over a number of shoals racing on shoreward, but none shallow enough to create a risk of striking. The wind continued to rise, but the danger from this was rather more than offset by improved steering technique. There appeared to be a lot to learn about running an open boat before half-breaking seas, and the rudiments of the trick, at least, I was beginning to grasp. I was forced to do less bailing for the final five miles than at any other stage of the run before the storm.

I was hopeful right up to the last that a lumber or fishing camp would materialize at or near the point where I would have to attempt a landing so that a distress signal sounded on my foghorn might bring willing hands to pick up the pieces after the final crash in the surf. In fact, I had the long tin funnel laid ready to hand to snatch up for the bray of SOS. Vain hope! Nothing even remotely suggesting a human habitation sharpened to focus on the questing lenses of my binoculars, either directly ahead or along the many miles of coast curving away to east and west. The one encouraging thing was the narrow ribbon of what appeared to be brown sandy beach beginning to show beyond the surf hardly more than a point and a half off the port bow.

I was just starting to edge over to maneuver for the cushioned landing promised by the bit of beach when a tiny island, reef-begirt and tree-covered, detached itself from the coastline to starboard, with a sharp point of rocks jutting out a mile beyond. With both island and point plainly offering sheltered lees where landings could be made with ease and safety, the realization that it would be suicidal to attempt the four-point alteration of course necessary to reach either one of them gave me a feeling a bit akin to that with which a lost soul might look up from the Pit of the Damned to the shimmering portals of the Golden Gate.

Of course I had to try the thing, but only to give it up by swinging back to present the stern to a curling wave whose predecessor had caught me quartering and left most of its broken crest in the bottom of the boat. Just how fortunate it was that my course had not been such as to leave me in a position to run for the lee of the island from the west I did not learn for a couple of days, when a walk along the shore revealed the intervening waters peppered so thickly with rocks that the boat could not have failed to be smashed before it had penetrated beyond even the outer fringe of them.

By the time I had bailed the boat free of water again, I was running into the humping swells at the beginning of a 300-yard-wide line of surf. My first impression was that the bottom was a long, gradually shoaling stretch of sand, and so it was, basically. But when I glimpsed black rock points thrust up through the cottony fluff of the foam to both left and right, I realized that the channel, if any, was very restricted.

The old wreck which we almost hit.



As the surf salvos sounded off for the final showdown, the situation was fairly clear. If I could avoid striking a rock or swamping in the surf, all that remained to be done to win the fight was to keep the boat from pounding to pieces when she hit the beach. For myself I no longer had any excuse to worry. A man who cannot take care of himself in a surf with a life-preserver on, barring a crack on the head from a rock, of course, ought not to play around big waters in small boats.

To postpone the moment of striking until I was as far in as possible, I shut off and tilted the motor as the boat began to ride the outermost breaking swell and headed for the beach under hard-plied oars. I gasped for breath as she made the first plunge, but rather at the giddiness of the descent than from the menace of it. Where I had rather expected to be engulfed, the breaking wave simply put its shoulder behind the stern and drove the boat ahead for 40 yards or more before running on. Without the engine, however, I had not the momentum to get the jump on the succeeding waves in that way, and so each one of them in turn barged right on over the boat, leaving her wallowing deeper after every deluge.

More than half full of water while still less than half the way in, swamping before I reached the shallows seemed inevitable. Anxious to run into water at least shoal enough to give me a footing and a chance to keep the boat from swinging broadside and being rolled, I was pulling my hardest when the tail of my eye caught what I took to be the outlines of rocks rearing high above the spray of the waves that shattered against them. It was necessary to swing the boat sharply to the right to miss the barrier, and as the next wave drove me, by I had to bring my port oar smartly inboard to keep from cracking it against the blackened ribs of an ancient wreck. I had just managed to bring her bow-on to the beach again when she grounded, crunchingly, on hard sand. The next breaker swept over her from end to end.

Since I had been rehearsing mentally the next act for the last two or three hours, I was practically letter perfect in the theory of it. The idea was to tumble over as the boat grounded, leap to the bow, and run the lightened craft right up on the beach out of harm's way. The theory was perfect. Practice, unfortunately, progressed only so far as the tumbling over-

board. This I did so thoroughly that I was still clawing bottom when the boat, doing the identical thing I had been planning so desperately to prevent, swung sideways and, driven by the waves, came bumping along over my prostrate anatomy. Had I not been wearing a life-preserver, my protesting hulk would have been a comparatively simple hurdle and the agony would have been quickly over. The buoyant kapok, however, kept me bobbing up just enough to turn the thing into a rough-and-tumble, with the boat on top and me, eating impartially water, sand, and the paint off the keel, underneath.

After mopping up 20 feet of the bottom with my limp frame, the boat finally ground it deeply enough into the sand to get over. Spitting water and profanity, I reared my abused head just in time to see my late command lodge solidly with her lakeward gunwales against the bottom and begin to fill with sand, the one thing I had feared above all others.

If there is anything that makes a rough, imperfect lump of human clay madder through and through than being mauled by a dumb animal, it is being mishandled by a dumb object that is not even imbued with the spark of lower life. When it is something that he has fancied his servant and which he has moved to his will, the irritation is all the worse. I have seen an Alaska "musher" beat with a club the runners of a sled which, after his controlling "gee-pole" had broken on a hill, had knocked him down and traversed the length of his spine.

I did not go quite the length of flying into a tantrum and beating up my perversely behaving boat, but in trying to tear her loose with one wild yank from the embraces of the encroaching sands into which she was settling so lovingly and contentedly, I was doubtless guilty of seeking an equally childish and futile emotional outlet. My mighty "yo-heave-ho" moved the bow perhaps half an inch, and it settled back the instant the heave was over. One of the vertebrae near the base of my spinal column moved a slightly less distance but remained where it stopped. That was because it must have run along the groove and slipped into the notch caused by the displacement of an ancient football injury.

I had gone off the field on a stretcher the first time it happened, and at each subsequent recurrence, in various odd and impossible corners of the world, the medico inheriting the case ranging from a babu intern at Mandalay to a Persian mirza with an American correspondence school degree at Bushire, had insisted on a considerable spell of inaction to restore the ruptured ligaments.

But the present was hardly a propitious moment for a rest cure. With Science absent and faith floored, there was nothing to do but let nature take her course. All the rest cure I had was in the form of the enforced hydro-pathic resulting from settling down into the water at the half-paralyzing pressure of the misplaced vertebrae, on the spinal-cord. The cold touch of the water numbed the pain, and I could have done nicely with several minutes more of it had not the boat, battered beachward before the wind-driven tide, begun to exhibit a desire to occupy my place.

It took both hands dragging on one of the bow handles to pull me to my feet, but once up, it transpired that I was far less helpless than my imagination had led me to fancy. I could walk, stoop over to pick things up, and even, by setting myself carefully and distrib-

uting the strain, throw all of my weight into a lift or a pull. Far from being crippled, I was in fairly good shape to begin salvage operations before drifting sand and rising water precluded all hopes of success.

With the boat in no danger save from that of slow burial, I was able, fortunately, to proceed with my work at a deliberate pace. After unclamping the engine and carrying it to the beach, the next thing to be done was to lighten the boat of its load. Although all of the canvas bags had been floating in water, none of them had taken much moisture inside. Neither did it appear that water had penetrated beneath the spring caps of the gasoline cans. Such stuff as was in the forward compartment had to remain for a while, both because that space was half full of water and because my back was not equal to wriggling in through the small door in search of it.

It was against just such a storm and forced landing as this that I had planned the watertight compartment forward, with a hatch on top to give easy access in emergency. The failure of the builders to follow my orders in this important respect left me with a boat that was not only easier to swamp, as well as less buoyant when swamped, but was also far more difficult to clear of load and of water when driven onto the beach. She was a wonderful little craft withal, and my confidence in and affection for her grew from day to day. Yet a compartment from which water could be entirely excluded, and which could be reached without a wriggling belly crawl, would have saved me many worries and much work.

With all movables high and dry on the beach, 20 feet back and two feet above the rising waterline, the next thing to attack was the sand, several inches of which had washed over the starboard gunwale and now held the boat securely in its tightening grasp. Discovering that as long as the boat was lying on her side, the waves would wash in the sand faster than I could scoop it out with a frying pan, I concentrated on digging a hole under the submerged gunwale in which to insert the butt of an oar to use as a lever. Then, with my roller as a fulcrum, I gradually worked the gunwale free from the clutches of the sand and worried the boat up on an even keel. Water still splashed over faster than I could bail it out but, with the encroachment of sand from the outside checked, I soon got rid of the most of that which had accumulated inside. That lightened her enough to let me shove the roller under the bow and drag her a few feet toward the beach.

Skids improvised from driftwood slabs helped me work the boat along to a second roller chopped from a length of pine trunk. This elevated her enough to be above all but the splash of the far spent breakers and finally gave me a chance to bail her dry. After that it was only a matter of time and hard patient work to bring her all the way out on the beach. Driftwood, fortunately, was plentiful, so that for the final 50 feet I was able to lay an almost solid skidway over which to run the rollers.

About two hours had elapsed from the time I first grounded until the unloaded boat was clear of the water. Considering that most of my effort was exerted in lifting and pulling at a weight of from four to six hundred pounds, not counting the suck of the wet sand on the bottom of the boat, it is a rather remarkable fact that a back injury which had previously put me on the shelf for days at a stretch did

not seriously hamper me in the work. Indeed, although there have been a number of spells of lameness since, especially when sleeping in the snows of the Canadian Rockies a few months later, the effects of that extremely painful initial wrench did not really handicap me for active effort at any time during the remainder of the voyage.

With the boat out of danger for the moment at least, I overhauled my outfit and spread it out to dry. Bedding and clothing were damp but not soaked, and about the only damage was to some unprotected provisions in the open grub box and the films in the two cameras. The rest of the film and food was either in cans or canvas sacks. A bath, a change to dry togs, and a meal of fried sausages and potatoes baked by the embers of oaken driftwood made the world a cheerier place to live in.

The loss of my chart made location of the point at which I had hit the coast entirely a matter of guesswork. I knew that there were numerous jutting points and small islands along the north shore, so that the presence of those a couple of miles eastward of where I had landed were of little help in fixing my position. With the water still encroaching on the beach as the wind increased in force, it did not seem advisable to explore far afield for the present. A half-mile walk along the shore in both directions, however, convinced of one thing, and that was that I had been in no end of luck in the matter of a landing place.

Where the 40-foot-wide mouth of a small river a quarter of a mile to the west offered the one point at which I could have done better, practically everywhere else the coast was armored with offshore rocks, among which I must certainly have fared worse. Regret at having missed the sheltered lagoon leading back from the river mouth was but a drop in the bucket of my thankfulness over having stumbled on a way through the rocks to a comparatively easy landing on a beach of soft sand.

Still blowing from a sky unflecked of cloud, the wind continued to augment steadily in strength as the afternoon shadows lengthened, all the time driving the breakers farther and farther up the beach. At 4:00 the high water mark was 20 feet nearer the crest of the sand spit on which I had landed than when the boat had finally been dragged out. This rate of rise made it seem probable that the waves swept completely over the spit at the height of a southerly storm, which surmise was confirmed by the discovery of a line of driftwood on the farther side of a green-scummed sink immediately back of the beach.

As the task of working the boat along through the inner breakers to the sheltered river mouth promised to be a good deal more than a one-man job, there was nothing to do but wait and see if the present blow was going to develop sufficient strength to put the water over the top of my precarious refuge. Even if such a rise did occur, it was hard to see how anything worse could result from it than the skidding of the boat down into the sink where, moored to the forest trees beyond, it ought to be as well-protected as in the estuary of the little river.

Laying a skidway ahead, I dragged the boat up to the ridge of the spit, propped it on an even keel and dumped all my outfit back in the bottom to hold it down. After another piping hot meal, I laid a bed platform in the boat with the cut and fitted boards brought along for that purpose, blew up my inflatable sleep-

ing pocket, extended the canvas spray hood all the way back to the stern and turned in.

The muddy sunset had a morbid, choleric, bilious sort of a cast, with not a ruddy suggestion of fair-weather promise showing up to its dying flicker. The gale let out another notch as the long twilight deepened to night, and a little after dark an aspiring breaker rolled in far enough to put a sizzling damper on the embers of my late campfire. About the same time the shrapnel spatter of blown spray began its rat-a-tat on the taut canvas of my sheltering canopy, and an hour later solid water was swirling past my perch and tumbling over into the sink beyond.

Unable to move the well-ballasted boat by direct methods, the treacherous flood fell back on the low, contemptible trick of undermining the props, thereby forcing me to tumble out into the spray-shot darkness on my feet before I was tumbled on my head. I had just pinched a bare toe under a roller in a clumsy attempt to start the boat tobogganing down to the sink, when a spatter of raindrops and a scurrying of blown leaves called my attention to the fact that the stars above the opaque wall of the forest were being blotted out by a turret of advancing cloud. Conflicting tongues of air met, grappled and struggled for mastery in the darkness. Then the wind from the lake fell lighter, faltered and died down, to be succeeded by a moist, gusty land breeze, dank with the smell of marshes and composed of about equal parts of flying leaves and fluttering mosquitoes.

There had been several trying intervals in the course of the day, but for sheer soul and body-rending misery, nothing to compare with the half-hour of carnage that followed the advent of that thirsting horde of bloodsuckers. It was probably an inflamed imagination which prompted the fancy that the fetid land breeze was a funnel-shaped suck designed to draw down upon my tortured anatomy every mosquito south of Superior, but at any rate (with the trumpeting pests crowding so thick that they got in each other's way), things could not possibly have been worse, even had such a concentrator been functioning.

Being dressed to meet a shower of blown spray rather than a hurtled wall of bloodhounds, the abnormally extensive expanses of readily puncturable epidermis made me all the more vulnerable to the devastating attack. I did not need to be told of the futility of trying to employ my supposedly infallible "mosquitocide" dope against such odds. Acting from instinct rather than considered thought, I flailed myself through the ranks of the enemy to the boggy bank of the green-scummed sink and buried myself to the eyes under its evil-smelling waters.

I have seen cattle on the Missouri and caribou on the Yukon, snorting with anger and agony, bury themselves from the swarming tormentor in exactly the same way. In his last-ditch straits, man always inclines to follow the way of the dumb brute, and always to his advantage, provided he does not allow the lump iron of human intelligence to deflect the sure pointing needle of instinct.

Man's spoken words in times of great trial, be they never so sincere, are seldom more than a superficial index to the working of his soul. To a listener on the bank the sounds that spattered from my scum-muffled lips might have had more the seeming of reflections on the ancestry of mosquitoes than of prayer. Yet


from the depth of my innermost being there was winged an appeal to the God of the Lake Winds to send back the one rescuer that could clear the field of the enemy. If that dear, beneficent, mosquito-paralyzing southeast gale would only return, I promised to welcome it with extended arms if it blew me and the boat into the tree-tops the next minute.

At the end of another hour of bull-frogging in the slimy depths of the noisome pool, an interval the sodden details of which are still too painful a memory to dwell upon, my prayer was answered. God's own good gale came back, first gustily, in scouting puffs of cool air, then in a clean, fresh stream that cleared alike the clouds from the sky, the mosquitoes from the air, and the miasmic vapors lapping the inflamed tip of stinger-drilled nose marking, buoy-like, my hiding place in the scummy sink.

The landward squall, apparently no more than a local pocket of protest, was speedily obliterated by the major atmospheric movement once its first fine careless rapture was spent. About the only traces of it remaining were my swollen arms and legs and several cubic feet of massed mosquitoes which had taken refuge from the lake wind in my boat as their countless millions of brethren had been swept back to the forest. As they could not lift a leg above the gunwales without being swept out of the picture, however, all I had to do to escape them was to shake out my sleeping-bag and spread it on the windwept sand. The threat of the mounting tide had lost its terrors after that hour of misery and mosquitoes in the sink.

Washing off the stains of battle in a swift souse under the first line of breakers, I slipped into dry togs and turned in to drop off into the sweet, dreamless slumber of the tired 10-year-old. The day on which I had planned to put up a new record with a run from Manistique to Mackinac was at an end. For a day that had started with so bright and bland a fair-weather sunrise, I told myself drowsily, this one had contrived to crowd in a considerable variety of action. When my eyes opened again it was to blink into another golden sunrise.

(To Be Continued)



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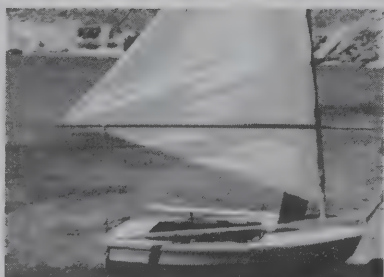
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New Museum Coming Up

A long-time dream of the North Carolina Maritime Museum became a reality on Thursday, July 31, 1997. On that date, the Friends of the Museum signed an agreement to purchase 36 acres of waterfront on Beaufort's Gallants Channel.

Purchase price for the Gallants Channel property, which lies just north of the Beaufort drawbridge, was \$3.2 million. Private donations, grants, and state moneys funded all but \$1.7 million. Buoyed by statewide support, the Friends of the Museum, in a bold move, agreed to take responsibility for the remaining debt.

A ten-year development plan for this property is in place that will make the North Carolina Maritime Museum one of the largest maritime complexes in the Southeast. Included in that plan are proposals for a conservation laboratory, headquarters for the Junior Sailing Program, a small craft storage and exhibition shop, a foundry, windmill, ship chandlery, and sail loft.

The property adjoins the Newport River estuary, which is important as a wildlife habitat and nursery area for fish and shellfish. The site's potential for environmental education is significant in itself, and it also provides public access to a variety of coastal habitats. Opportunities to observe rare and endangered

species would be available. Among the wildlife sighted regularly in this area are bottlenose dolphin, bald eagle, brown pelican, peregrine falcon, numerous shorebirds, and wintering waterfowl.

The additional acreage will provide much needed parking space and open areas for demonstrations and exhibitions. The 1,852 feet of deepwater frontage will afford dockage for visiting vessels, tall ships, and the museum's small craft collection. Docks will serve as a departure area for field programs and will be used for dockside oceanography programs.

The North Carolina Maritime Museum is an education facility with a mission to research, teach, and exhibit the maritime history and coastal natural history of the State of North Carolina. Expansion of the North Carolina Maritime Museum complex is an historic step for the museum, for Carteret County, and for eastern North Carolina, which has a tremendously rich maritime heritage. During the next ten years, the impact of the expanded museum complex on the economy will be significant.

In the year 2000, the North Carolina Maritime Museum will celebrate its 25th anniversary. The museum will forever be indebted to the Friends of the Museum for their vision in providing the museum with the means to accomplish its mission to preserve North Carolina's maritime heritage.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front Street, Beaufort, NC 28516, 919-728-7317.



My two week class in building the Wee Lassie at WoodenBoat School in Brooklin is scheduled for July 12th to 25th, 1998. This will be my seventh year teaching at WoodenBoat. At the end of the second week, each student takes home his or her own boat complete with paddle and hand caned seat. This is a great way to spend two weeks in a well equipped shop, eating great food, and enjoying a beautiful waterfront, while building your own Wee Lassie. If you are interested in taking the class this summer, call Rich or Bernice at (207) 359-4651.

I recently had a student come all the way from Brazil to build a Wee Lassie at my shop in Sarasota. Renato wants to start building strip canoes and kayaks in Brazil. He had read my book but felt that if he wanted to build boats commercially it would be smart to get one-on-one instruction, not only on building a boat, but also on setting up a shop, and selecting tools, etc. He did a beautiful job on his Wee Lassie, and has already started building another upon his return to Brazil. Renato feels there is a market for boats like the Wee Lassie in South America. I certainly wish him luck in his new enterprise. Renato's main problem is going to be finding a local supplier of reasonably priced epoxy, and hardeners.

I no longer teach regular scheduled classes at my shop. I prefer a more informal approach, with more attention to individual needs. I find that some students want to build a canoe to use and are not too concerned with the finer details. They feel a little sanding goes a long way, and enough is enough. Other students in the same class really want to turn out as close to a museum class boat as they can, and will spend a tremendous amount of time attending to details. The big bulk of the students are someplace in between the two extremes.

In my shop, I try to cater to these different needs. If a student only has two weeks to take a boat home, I schedule the work so they have a nice looking boat in two weeks. If on the other hand, a student wants to take all winter to build a boat, that is all right too, so long as we can negotiate out a fair fee for the extra shop time and materials.

This system or arrangement has worked very well for the last couple of years. The first time student not only learns from me, but from the repeat builders who come to my shop year after year. The student is not limited to building a Wee Lassie, but can opt to build a tandem canoe, kayak, or rowing shell, or even a sailboat on a negotiated basis, if the space is available and I think they can handle the project.

One gentleman recently came to my shop for the second time. He has been getting ready and then building a Wee Lassie for over a year. He had written up a daily log to keep track of what he was doing. He thought it was funny. I thought it was sort of sad. He spent a lot of time shopping around for materials, based on price only, listening to everyone whether they knew what they were talking about or not. When he actually started building the hull, he disregarded most of the techniques I have

Some Thoughts On Teaching Boatbuilding

By Mac McCarthy

developed over 16 years that I described in the book and then wondered why things didn't go smoothly. He also tried to combine my system with systems from other books he partially read. This may work fine on a second or third boat, but can be a disaster on a first boat. He had come to the conclusion that it would have been better to get a finished boat from me in the first place.

I receive some letters and phone calls about boatbuilding that boggle my mind. Most of these are from people who say they have read my book, but clearly they didn't comprehend what I was trying to teach them. Sometimes the callers just want to be sure they are doing the right thing, before they go ahead, and a few words of reassurance are all they need.

On several occasions I have been completely baffled by the caller's description as to what was going wrong with his boat. One was doing such things as gluing two or three strips together and then trying to pull them down tight to the molds after the glue has set up. I am led to wonder at times about how well people pay attention to what I am trying to teach them.

And Some Tips You Might Find Useful

If you buy full sized patterns for a canoe, and want to keep the patterns intact, I suggest transferring the patterns to posterboard, available at any office supply store. I use an icepick or thin nail to punch through into the poster board every two inches or so to outline the pattern, and then use a thin spline to connect the tiny holes. Make sure you get your centerline, and base line properly marked. Then you can cut out the poster board, to mark your plywood, and have an intact set of patterns to use again at a later date.

I thought I might mention one of my suppliers. Klingepors Sanding Catalog. I bought some really heavy duty belts from them for my belt sander some time ago. When I recently went to use them, they came apart at the seam very quickly. I called and was told that that particular belt had a short shelf life in Florida due to the humidity, etc. They sent me new belts, at no charge. I placed them into a sealed plastic bag until use. No more problem. My call had been answered by a person not a recording. I was not put on hold for a half hour. Action was promptly taken. Very refreshing. You can order materials or a catalog by calling (800) 228-0000. Suppliers like this are a pleasure to deal with.

A young man came in my shop the other day with a horror story about epoxy. He had had a really serious reaction to a particular brand of epoxy that is on the market. Blisters, etc., lasted for over six months. I mention this for several reasons. Many people, over the years, have

told me I was foolish to use the West System Epoxy, when there are cheaper brands on the market that are just as good. I can honestly say that I have had no problems with the West System epoxy and the 207 hardener I use, nor have the well over one hundred students who have built boats under my direction. Price shouldn't be a factor in choosing which epoxy to use. Some hardeners are evidently much more toxic than others.

I do want to emphasize the need to handle any epoxy in a sensible fashion. Always wear the gloves your supplier recommends when mixing or using the epoxy. Always wear a quality face mask when sanding epoxy. Never use lacquer thinner, vinegar, or any other chemical to rinse epoxy off your hands or body. These chemicals just let it penetrate your skin easier. I have actually found that rubbing your hands with sawdust will take it off your skin better than anything else. Both my shop, and the shop at WoodenBoat school have excellent cross ventilation, which I feel is a big factor in the safe use of epoxy.

People have written to me about using the dark Elmers carpenter glue to glue their strips together. I don't believe in this. Glue stains have to be sanded out, or they will show through the epoxy when you seal the boat. The answer is clean up as you go along, and thoroughly sand before you seal the boat, not using a dark glue. It is better to clean up the glue with a dry paper towel, right after each strip is in place, rather than to come back with a wet towel, and smear it all over the surface of the strips.

I was recently asked how to go about sealing and varnishing a double paddle. I tape a piece of plastic on a wall at paddle height, and another on the floor. The process is the same, whether I am epoxy sealing or varnishing the paddle. I hold the paddle in the middle while I epoxy seal or varnish both blades, and then seal or varnish the shaft up to my hand, then lean it carefully up against the wall, and finish the area where my hand was. I use a three inch foam brush, and prefer a couple of thin coats, rather than a heavy one that would cause runs. Allow a couple days after epoxy sealing the paddle, before sanding and varnishing. I prefer Flagship varnish, a Z-spar product, to any others I have tried. Always sand between coats of varnish.

Ted Moores and I were talking at Wooden Boat school last summer about different types of wood. Ted said he had been using Spanish cedar for trim with good results. I recently tried some, and agree. I have used it instead of mahogany on several sets of rails, and find the grain to be especially attractive on decks. I am using it almost exclusively to trim out a little sailing dinghy under construction in the shop. I notice that Newfoundland Woodworks offers it as strips for canoe building. Attractive, but heavier than the cedar.

From what I hear western red cedar is becoming more available. I now have a pretty good stockpile of both juniper, and the western red, and access to more. Not cheap, but at least it is on the market.

In 1991, after 35 years of sailing small boats, I gave it all up for a 16', white, plastic sea kayak.

The Chinook was not my first experience with a double-paddle propelled craft. That happened in 1978 at the annual Mystic Seaport Small Craft Workshop. The boat was an L.F. Herreshoff design, 16' long, 29" wide, hard-chined, and about 80 pounds. Herreshoff called his design a double-paddle canoe, reserving the appellation "kayak" for boats built skin on frame. As I paddled down the Mystic River swinging a 9' paddle, I knew that I had discovered something quite wonderful. But other boats and other things got in the way, and it was 13 years later that I happily carried my deeply discounted, end-of-the-season-clearance, white, polyethylene kayak home with me one blustery October afternoon.

I paddled the Chinook every chance I got for over a year until the siren call of a slick hard-shell caused me to sell the plastic boat that had given so much pleasure. Anyway, the Chinook was much criticized by the kayak gurus, the hull will deform, way too wide, too much windage, the sun will cause it to disintegrate, and who could be serious about a boat that was formed from a bucket of plastic pellets dumped into a revolving oven!

My Sealution, despite its punnish name, was a good boat. It wasn't as comfortable as the Chinook, and it weathercocked enough to make me add a small skeg to stiffen its tracking. Use 3M 5200 to stick things onto your boat. It's tenacious stuff, but you can always take it off with a heat gun, which is something you can't do with epoxy. I paddled the Sealution for couple of years and had a good time with it. I always have a good time when I'm paddling. But, maybe you know, you're always about one boat away from the "perfect boat." The next one will be IT! So it was back to Jersey Paddler to "trade up," this time for a long, lovely, slick-deck Arctic Hawk.

One Boat Away

By John Meyers

I love paddling my Hawk. Without hatches, the boat is reasonably lightweight, which is important to me because I'm lazy and dislike lifting heavy things. She probably paddles more efficiently than either the Chinook or the Sealution, although I wouldn't say that she's significantly faster. Maybe going at full throttle, yes. But, as I've said, I'm lazy, and full throttle or even 60% of full throttle is not for me. On the other hand, sea kayaks are very efficient boats and they seem to have an inherent "easy speed" which is reached and maintained with low energy expenditure, an output that a reasonably fit person can maintain for several hours. It's got something to do with the relationship between wetted surface and waterline length and things like that, or so I've been told.

Maybe you've noticed that an assortment of kayaks traveling together all move at about the same rate. I call this the Universal Kayak Cruising Speed, and it doesn't seem to matter what the length or the beam, they all go along at about three knots. This brings up the question of what is speed, anyway? Is a kayak "fast" if it cruises at three and a half knots and "slow" if it only manages three? Or is it the way the kayak feels to its paddler the important thing?

I said that my Arctic Hawk is probably more efficient than my previous two kayaks, though she doesn't seem appreciably faster at the energy output I'm willing to maintain. But there is a certain liveliness in the boat, a kind of sprightliness that was not so evident in either the Sealution or the Chinook, and sometimes, in a following sea, I wish it were not so evident in the Hawk, either. It is an unquantifiable thing that one might call that certain je ne sais quoi.

The Arctic Hawk is a skinny boat, 22" across the deck, 19" on the bottom. Her hard chines and flared sides give her good progressive stability and she has a reputation for being an easy boat to roll, although I can't confirm this. I have rolled the boat, once. It happened in a swimming pool early on a bright, warm morning in June. I wore a diving mask and a friend standing by rolled the boat over on cue. I remember how pleasant it seemed drifting upside down in the warm, sunlit water, and then I reached out with my long paddle and somehow managed to lever myself upright. First time.

Other than that single occasion, I've never rolled my Arctic Hawk, or any other kayak, either in practice or desperation. Without a diving mask, and I'm not going to paddle wearing a diving mask, I'm sure that my contact lenses would float away and my sinuses would fill with water which is good for at least two or three days intensive care.

I have read in the pages of sea kayaking publications that if you don't have a bomb proof roll which you practice constantly, you're not a "real sea kayaker." I can appreciate the unpleasant reality that real sea kayakers would probably not want me to paddle with them. Perhaps this admission will make me a double-paddle pariah, a non-rolling untouchable. My boat rocks but I don't roll. I suppose it's a good thing that I mostly paddle alone. Also, it's a good thing that I've practiced an acceptable paddle float rescue that doesn't demand that my head be inverted beneath cold, murky waters. As a long-time dinghy sailor, I've been conditioned to believe that being upside down in a boat, any kind of boat, shows extremely poor form.

Some will read this and conclude, perhaps correctly, that this guy is a real nut case, bent on self destruction. He doesn't know how to roll and he paddles alone! But let's put things into perspective. In the warm months another pleasure of mine, though not on the order of paddling, is riding my lightweight bicycle over the roads of New Jersey. New Jersey is a fast paced, impatient, little state and bicycles are not always taken seriously by its motorists. When I ride, I take every reasonable caution and I never ride without a helmet, but I know that my 23-lb. bike and my 155-lb. body are no match for a carelessly driven car, even a subcompact. I know that every time I get on my bike for a 30-mile ride, I am in far greater danger than I have ever been while in the cockpit of a sea kayak. I suppose that all things are relative.

Someday, maybe I'll master some sort of roll. (I recently learned that there is more than one kind. Life is complicated.) Until then, I'll swathe myself in neoprene when the water's cold and practice my paddle float re-entry when it's not. I'll exercise cautious good judgment and do my best to keep myself out of harm's way.

My Arctic Hawk is a fine boat, but her 24" cockpit makes it difficult to squirm back in during re-entry. I've heard that the Broze brothers at Mariner Kayaks out in Seattle make a nifty little boat called the Express. It's got a big cockpit and a sliding seat and a slick deck. Could this just be the next perfect boat?

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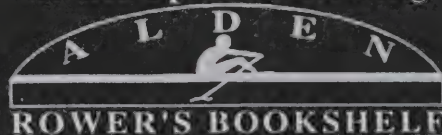
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Report From Riverswest Small Craft Center Winter Work In Our Shop

By Alan Kjosness

We have three boats being built in the shop right now. Irv and Dean, under Al's tutelage, are building their fabric kayaks. These things are a beautiful melding of ancient tradition and contemporary abilities. Bob Widen is pulling his stitch et glue Glen-L rowboat together. He intends to use it to replace an old family friend at his place on Lake-of-the-Woods down in southern Oregon.

These boats are being built in the dead o'winter, as it were. They're being constructed in conditions that push the limits of the techniques being employed, yet I have little doubt sound, happy boats will be achieved. My own boat was built at RiversWest over the course of two hard winters with the shop often in a shambles, and yet, I'm mostly happy with the results. I guess what I'm saying is that if we hold out until the conditions are perfect it might just be a while until the boat's built, and that's a tragedy when you consider the joy that will be yours when you are on the water in your own creation.

The major shop concern now involves pulling our resources together to nudge the place into its next incarnation. We have the funds available to start the process of creating a viable workspace in the north bay. This is going to involve clearing the space, pure grunt work. Grading the space, slightly more puzzling grunt work. And probably two concrete pours, quite seriously major grunt work. At this point most of us get to turn the process over to the finishers, god love 'em.

On the 17th of January, a Saturday, we'll be clearing things out of the north bay and storing them in the parking lot, on the 31st, the next Saturday, we'll be grading the site. The pours themselves, barring floods and freezes, will happen in February. There'll be refreshments and magic on the noted days.

As Friends Gather For Fine Winter Rowing *Hall Templeton Gets Out*

By Jerry McIntire

Rowing in Portland on the winter solstice, what better way to celebrate a winter holiday! A few folks didn't accept the invitation to join in this first Sunday Row of a new monthly RiversWest event, but they probably had family events or the likelihood of lousy weather in mind. However, at 1pm on December 21st, a boatload of enthusiastic rowers showed up, enough to fill the *Hall Templeton* to capacity, and they found themselves driving upriver to the Milwaukie boat ramp on the Willamette River under auspicious blue skies. The weather held, the 24' red rowing yawl slipped off the trailer, and all four sweeps dipped into the winter current of our most local waterway at the call of the cox.

The *Templeton* carried all seven of us smoothly up past Elk Rock Island, into the calm belly of the river above the island narrows, where we watched cormorants and a louder cousin, a seaplane, landing. Jackets came off, seats and sweeps changed hands, we sang a few salty and a few holiday songs to keep rhythm. All agreed, rowing in the sun beat shopping in the malls.

We docked at Lake Oswego, stepped into the local brew pub for a pint or so, and then turned downriver. The return trip lasted less than half as long as the upriver row. There was barely enough time to talk of all the boat building planned, previous methods used, and future destinations for the Sunday Row.

(RiversWest Small Craft Center can be reached at P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, or by phone at (503)236-2926)

The Picnic Cat

From Com-Pac Yachts

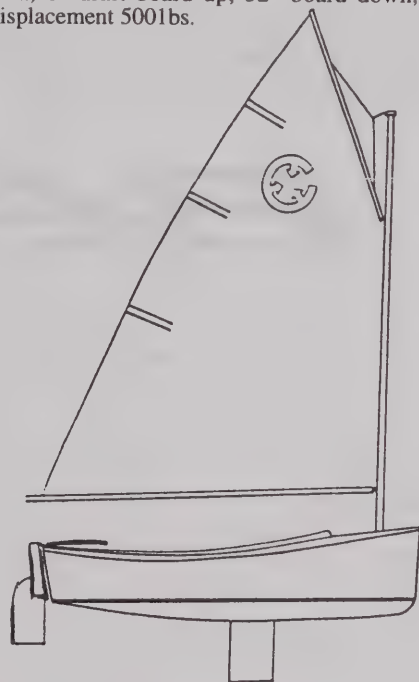
The Picnic Cat is from the drawing board of Clark Mills, designer of our 16CS and 23/3 as well as the Optimist Pram and Windmill One Design.

Like her sister Com-Pac's she's built to last with top quality sails, hardware and with solid, hand-laid glasswork.

Unlike her sisters, she has no fixed keel and can be floated in six inches of water. Her inherent stability comes from her broad hull form and low center of effort gaff-rigged sail plan. The centerboard and centerboard sheath are constructed entirely of stainless steel plate.

With her large cockpit, she'll sail equally well single-handed or with the whole family aboard.

Specs: 14' loa, 6' 5" beam, 109sf sail area, 6" draft board up, 32" board down, displacement 500lbs.



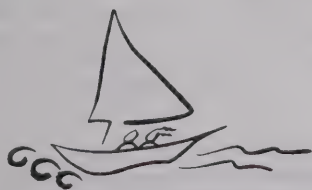
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Some sailors know that you have to leave the water to go fast. Sure, planing dinghies, catamarans and other conventional craft offer good performance, but the hardcore go-fast sailor knows that hydrofoils offer the quickest path to the fast lane. Hydrofoils keep the boat above the water, where friction drag can't slow it down.

For years, Hydro Sail Inc. and its principal designer have been designing and building boats that fly. Founder Dr. Sam Bradfield is a pioneer in the field of advanced watercraft. He's careful to point out that he's not simply a traditional yacht designer; instead, his expertise in aeronautics has taken him in direction that most naval architects never explore. His real interest is in creating sail-powered craft that are faster than any others on the water.

His career is distinguished by the design of numerous world speed record holders, beginning with (nf)2 (Neither Fish Nor Fowl). (nf)2 was a revolutionary craft; a foil-stabilized boat 20' long with a beam of 14', weighing 550lbs. With 218sf of sail, it averaged 26.5mph over a 500 meter

Speed Quest Hydro Sail and Its Designers Believe That Real Sailing Begins When You Leave the Water.

course to set a Class B (235sf maximum sail area) mark in 1978. Later in 1978, Sam followed that feat with another world record for (nf)2, this time in Class C (300sf maximum sail area). (nf)2 reached 28.1mph over the 500 meter course.

When it came time for WindRider to create a class-leading hydrofoil, Dr. Bradfield and Hydro Sail were the natural choice to design it. We wanted a boat that was wickedly fast, but not so temperamental that it takes a team of engineers to assemble it or a test-pilot to sail it. His design reflects that philosophy.

The WindRider™ Rave is remarkably easy to rig and sail, and is fast. Recent

testing at Hydro Sail's Melbourne, Florida, location showed speeds of 30mph plus. Hydro Sail's unique automatic foil control device allowed easy control over the craft, without the need to worry about adjusting the attitude of the foils. Production versions of the Rave will place a greater emphasis on speed over a wide wind speed range. However, top speed should still be impressive.

Design goals for the WindRider Rave were how to make a trimaran/hydrofoil work in the real world. It's a departure from what we've built before, a performance driven hydrofoil trimaran capable of satisfying the most incorrigible speed junkie.

After developing the original WindRider™ trimaran, the easy-to-handle performance multihull, we turned our attention to the needs of the serious go-fast sailor. Here's what we wanted:

A trimaran. When it comes to the best combination of performance, handling, and safety, we're convinced that trimarans are unbeatable. With our growing line, we plan to be known as *the* trimaran company.

Speed, regardless of conditions. The WindRider™ Rave is designed to go fast in light air, too. The Rave can use its performance over a wide range of wind speeds to leave competitive multihulls far behind.

Easy handling. All controls fall easily to hand, foot pedals simplify steering, and unique, self-leveling foils keep you running straight and true. You're free to sit back and watch the world rush by.

Practicality. Can any boat this fast be considered practical? The WindRider™ Rave's durable, economical polyethylene construction keeps the cost of owning this speed machine within reach, and maintenance demands to a minimum. No one else has rotomolded this type of performance boat before; it's a WindRider exclusive.

You can't buy one yet, but the WindRider Rave is already capturing the attention of performance-minded sailors around the world. Rave's molded polyethylene hulls spend more time above the water than on it, riding on aluminum hydrofoils that reduce drag and allow Rave to reach speeds that exceed 30mph. The Rave begins to fly at relatively low speeds, and a unique trailing wand attitude monitor provides a magic carpet ride even at maximum velocity, without pitching or oscillation.

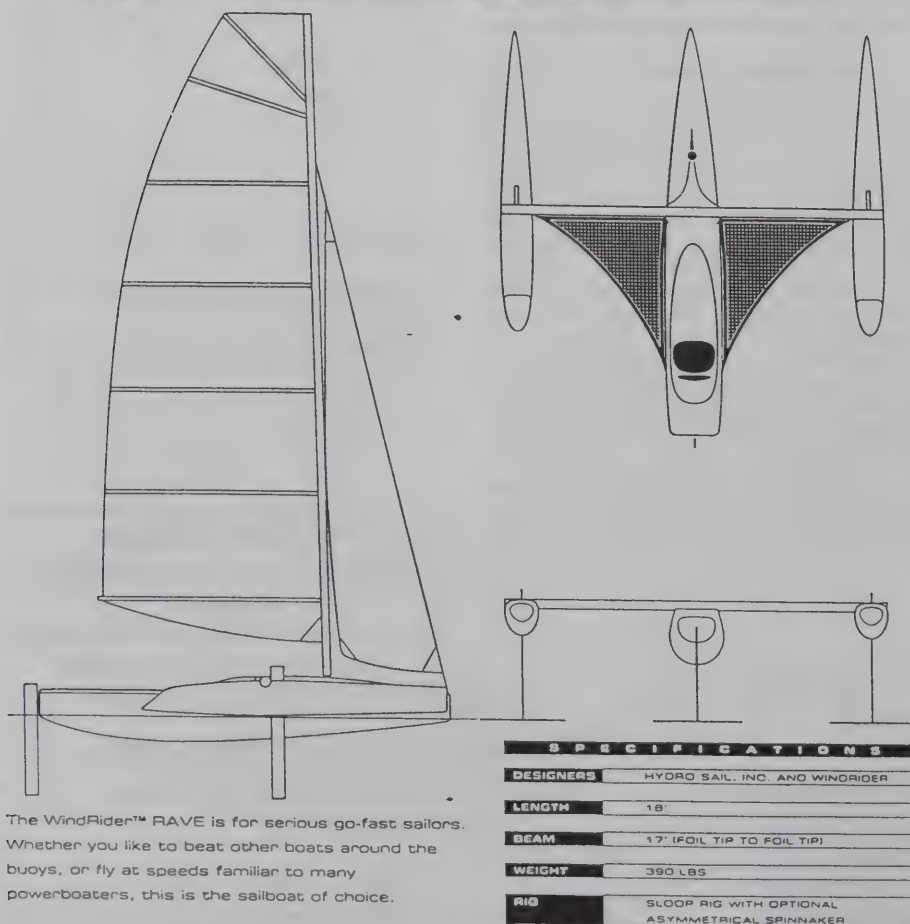
Rave is designed for singlehanded sailing. All sheets and control lines fall easily to hand, and foot pedals simplify steering. A comfortable forward jump seat is provided for a passenger.

Like the original WindRider Trimaran, Rave is constructed of rotomolded polyethylene. Hulls are light weight, resilient, and very durable. An aluminum subframe manages the stresses created by Rave's powerful sloop rig. An optional asymmetrical spinnaker provides plenty of extra power for sailors wanting to explore the outer limits of Rave's performance.

Sound like a rush? Get ready; you'll want to be aboard for the ride. Call (800) 311-SAIL for a catalog and the name of your nearest dealer.

Follow Rave's progress on the web, at <http://www.windride.com>

RAVE



The WindRider™ RAVE is for serious go-fast sailors. Whether you like to beat other boats around the buoys, or fly at speeds familiar to many powerboaters, this is the sailboat of choice.

Call 1-800-311-SAIL to find your nearest dealer. Then, arrange a test flight and learn why the best part of sailing happens above the water.

WindRIDER™

Dream Boats...

Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Boat

By Richard Carsten

This is a boat for those "lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer" (Nat King Cole), to drift on a protected bay, lake or pond, in the company of some convivial friends; as the warm breeze is about to die you shove her nose into the reeds of some secluded spot and have a wonderful picnic, maybe a snooze in the warm sun. If the wind has given up entirely you might pole her home along the shallow shore. If there is no such thing, it would be easy to rig her for rowing.

The catwalks along the sides are meant to be used for poling. That funny end on the pole is a contraption that is supposed to keep it from sinking too deeply into the mud.

Do not fuss over the sails, I have made and used such. Buy mattress ticking, cut to shape and tape the edges and any seams. Get some cheap slats, and using them, one on each station at each side of the sail (that's two at each station), simply clench nail them through the sail. Forget about the sheetlets, they'll work fine without. Yes, they will twist. So what? Are you sailing in the America's Cup?

I have built and sailed a small craft like this and haven't even bothered to install lee-boards; I simply held my paddle at the appropriate place, the water pressure will help you keep it there (I was single handing). I've shown short lines to tie the slats together for

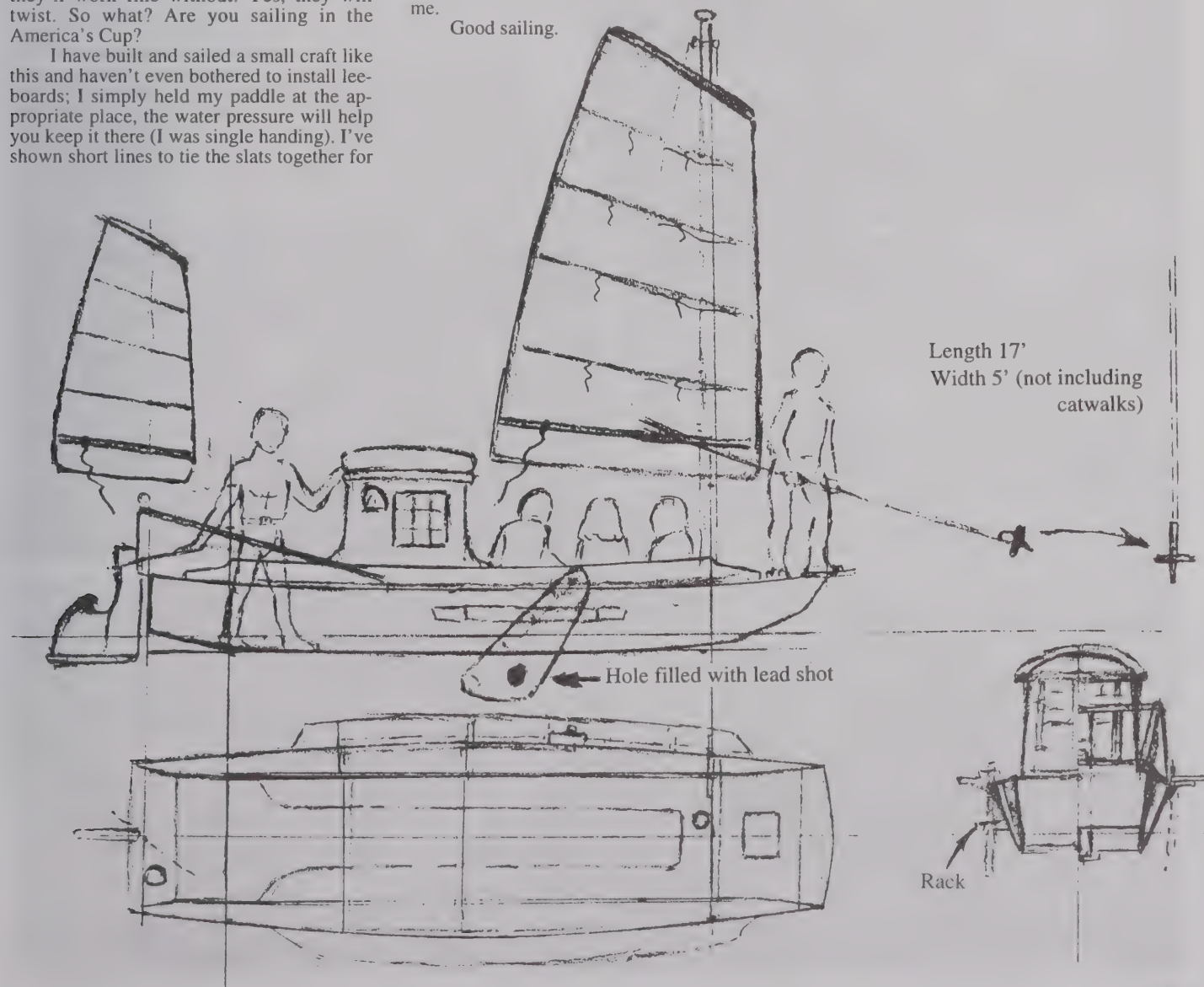
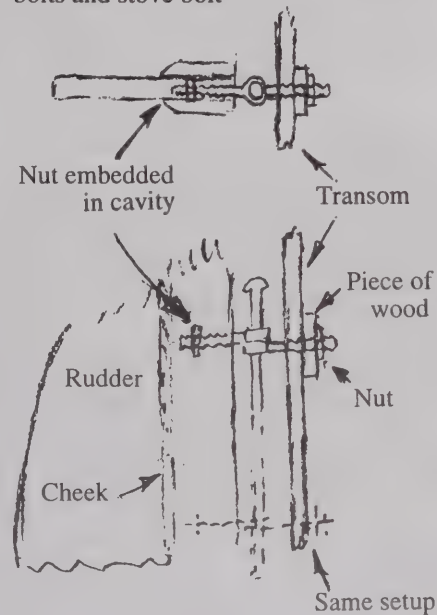
reefing if you do not want to bother with lazy jacks. Of course, has has been shown on these pages, excellent sails can be made from polytarps.

If you are a plumb and square man you can build this as a long rectangular box, even with straight sides, with only some rake in the bow transom. Or you can build this as a punt. You make up two sides, either from ply or from plank, and bend them around a center mold, ala Bolger. Chesapeake Bay fashion, put in (or out) chine logs, and cross plank. Hold the sides in the proper position with spalls across the ends and crossspalls on the diagonal. You do this at the top, now you can work on the bottom. Starting from the middle, work towards the ends. Before you get to the ends the assembly will be stiff enough to fit transoms.

A common mistake is to give the bottom too much rocker, easy does it. The tricky thing is, if you are not experienced, to give the chines and sides the proper bevel. Use narrow planks, 6" or less and leave a saw blade's thickness between them. Pound some twine or old rope into these seams before applying cheap window caulk. Do oil lavishly before, a simple bead between bottom plank and side (well oiled) worked for me.

Good sailing.

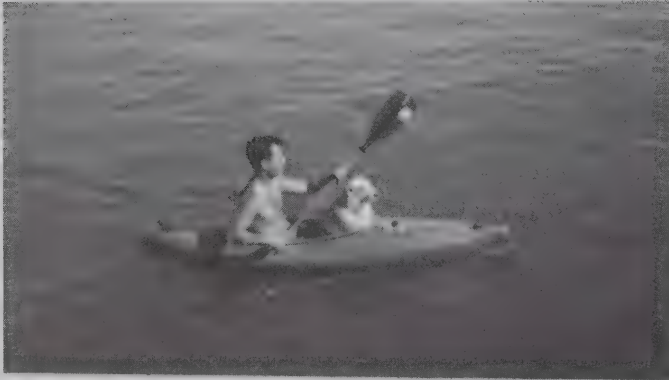
Simple way of hanging rudder with eye bolts and stove bolt



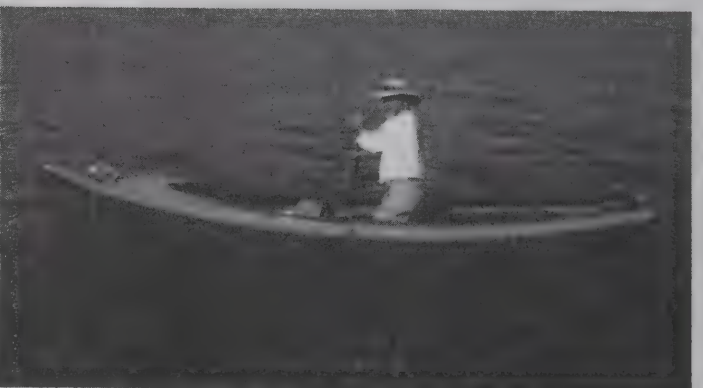
All the Boat Anybody Needs

By Jim Thayer.

The variety of small boats that appear now at the annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival each October at St. Michaels, Maryland, confirms to this die-hard small boat aficionado that my long held convictions are sound and that they are being increaingly absorbed by others, resulting in such fine photo ops as those presented here for all of us who love the small boat of whatever persuasion.



Clockwise from top left: Two examples of all the boat anybody needs. Roger Allen of N.C. Maritime Museum paddling John England's tuckup, *Blackberry Seeds*. Marc Barto (in water at right) and friends launching his Whitehall *Aubrey J*. Dan Muir arrives with five small boats, one for each member of the family. Caroline Teeling and Lacey England racing the Teeling 18 footer. Big man in a small boat, Chuck Raynor in a Monfort geodesic Snow Shoe.



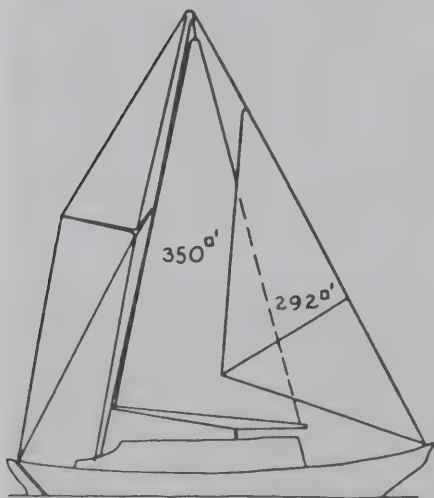
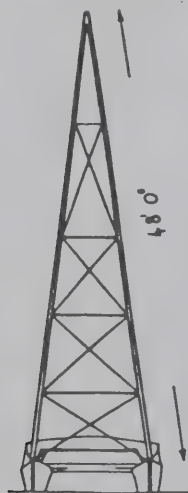


Clockwise from top left (above): Nice Swampscott. Moondance with topmast, designer/builder John Thomson put up a topsail, probably a first at MASCF. Richard Cullison's nifty Boger. Yep, it's a Bolger. Thad Danielson's salty little schooner, and the builder in his Norwegian pram. A Duckah at rest awaiting the new day's adventures.



At the same time as it fosters research and development of the science of sailing, the AYRS fulfills another function, thanks to its manual storage retrieval system for the wide-ranging subject matter investigated and recorded in the AYRS library of publications. This could be called "patent investigation."

Michael Ellison, the administrator, told me of the AYRS role in the Hoyle Schweitzer sailboard squabble. "A Frenchman," he said, "started selling boards in this country (UK) and Schweitzer took him to court for patent infringement. So the Frenchman came to us and asked about an article we had published prior to the patent being taken out, called 'New Watersport Called Sailboarding' about Newman Darby's invention. I then spent two years working, preparing for the case."



The sketches above, of the catamaran *Marara*, appeared in a 1960 AYRS booklet. The main objections to the mast-aft rig are stress problems which are alleviated by using an A-frame mast. The bipod

mast weighs a little over 300 pounds, only about 30% heavier than owner C.O. Walker figured a single mast would weigh. The wing-sail contraption with hydrofoil sponsons, at right, was an entrant in a speed trial at Heretsunga Yacht Club in New Zealand in the late 1970s.



Wild Ideas... Worthwhile Goals-III

By Michael Badham

We had boards made exactly to the plans we had published, and I stood up in court and testified as an expert witness. As a result, Schweitzer lost the case; his patent was thrown out and rescinded. And so this multimillion-dollar industry was therefore completely influenced by the Society. The Frenchman, by the way," he added, "was Baron Bich."

Ellison paused and then went on. "Of course, the real inventor of the sailboard wasn't even Newman Darby, it was Beatrix Potter's Squirrel Nutkin. You remember him going to Owl Island to gather nuts in the autumn, sitting on a raft with his tail erect? Well, what makes a sailboard different to other boats is that it has a sail with no rigging and no rudder. Exactly like Squirrel Nutkin's raft, no rigging, his tail held aloft by just his muscles, and steering by shifting his weight about a bit, just like the ancient Polynesians and the *Kon-Tiki*."

It is difficult to know which areas of AYRS work over the years to highlight. A compromise might be to extract a small sampling of the published material, both important and not so important to the advancement of sailing science. Each booklet is a study in itself, but for starters let's take the piece under the heading "Hydrofoil Victory," in the October '67 issue:

"The AYRS has done it again," it reads. "At last the sailing hydrofoil breakthrough has appeared through the endeavours of our members, and not a professional among them! I firmly believe that, within the pages of this publication, are all the ways in which the hydrofoil will be used to lift and stabilise sailing boats." The entry concludes with the words, "This publication is a justification for the basic AYRS belief that, when something really difficult or original is required, the technically untutored amateur will produce it if he is kept informed of the world progress in our publications. One must note that the various vital articles here come from a world-wide distribution; California, Connecticut, New Jersey, Canada, England, Denmark, South Africa. How could this have happened if it weren't for the AYRS?"

Publication Number 79 consists of 80 pages devoted to a single subject, rudder design. And, of course, that basic seamanship skill, apparently unknown to so many involved in the Fastnet showdown, is not forgotten. The trick of steering without a rudder gets a full section to itself.

On steering again, in Number 76 the late Edmond Bruce, Bell Laboratories electronics genius, offers a neat design for a

"dipping rudder" to eliminate the needless drag of a rudder being fully immersed constantly when, in fact, for most of the time it need only be very slightly immersed to do its job properly.

In Number 9, my old friend George Chapman proves conclusively that in the northern hemisphere, for speed, port tack is better than starboard. He takes a page and a half in which to do it, so I won't reproduce the calculations here.

Then there's the piece about a couple of innovators back in October '69 experimenting with kite power in Connecticut. Strange that almost 15 years to the day later I should be chatting with a young man quietly confident of cracking 40 knots in his flexifoil kite-powered, foil-stabilized canard monohull. Strange, but right in tune with the visionary essence of the AYRS.

Then there's a suggested design for a steam turbine outboard motor, a revolutionary celestial navigation system requiring only a wristwatch and a tide calendar such as are given away gratis at boat hardware stores (in 1971, maybe), and a prescription for optimum speed to windward for displacement hulls whereby "one should watch the stern wave and should its peak go aft of the transom, one should point higher until the wave crest is brought back to the transom position."

"Propulsive Rudders" expands on the theory that, "suggests high efficiencies for flapping propulsion, slow fish have low-aspect-ratio fins which move in complete waves; fast fish have high-aspect-ratio fins which just beat back and forth." The sketch accompanying the text shows the author's "bendy and wavy" rudder which, he says, gives him one to two knots in a dead calm.

Publication Number 91 devotes all 64 pages to windmill power, and deservedly so. What other wind-powered vessel has ever made forward progress when the gamma angle equals zero? (All right, for gamma read angle between course and true wind). We received word recently that someone is hoping to find a sponsor to back the development and building of a windmill powered craft for the next OSTAR, a Macalpine Downey designed trimaran hull supporting a 28' three-bladed, controllable-pitch, horizontal-axis wind turbine driving a 40" variable-pitch water propeller through a hydraulic transmission.

Recent newsletter reports to AYRS members mention such items as the "latchway" device, which allows a safety harness line to pass securing points without having to be unclipped; a propeller fitted to the leading edge of a 45' ketch's rudder blade so that the thrust is always from the angle of the rudder; and in the introduction to a 64-page issue called *Yacht Tenders and Boats*, the interesting statistic that more people drown going to and from their yachts in tenders than are lost at sea.

Here is a handy equation from Publication Number 99 for finding the power needed for a required speed, or the speed to expect from a "given engine power: Speed in knots = the square root of waterline length in meters x HP over displacement in tons."

John Morwood demonstrated his feel

for things to come when he devoted an AYRS publication more than a quarter of a century ago to the subject of commercial sail. "It must be a very remote possibility," he wrote, "that sailing vessels will ever pay their way commercially again. This publication, however, sets out to show that the possibility exists and, by improving the rig of a sailing ship so that both windward and lightwind performance is much better, the speed of the sailing ship need not be less than that of a modern motor vessel."

Perhaps Morwood foresaw the six sail-assisted Japanese motor tankers which went into service last year, the 26,000-ton sail-assisted bulk carrier to be launched by the same nation, the *Guinness Clipper* trading across the Atlantic, and scores of other commercial-sail projects now under way.

Finally, and to keep things in proportion, this brief scanning of a few of the AYRS publications would be incomplete without extracting from the list of winter meetings, 1967-68, the mention of a debate scheduled with the motion, "That the Atlantic can be defended against nuclear powered submarines by 30,000 sailing trimarans." There follows an editor's note: "We need more people to speak in favor of the motion."

A day after I left the amazing Dr. Morwood in Kent, I drove slowly along the familiar road that parallels that 15-mile-long freak of nature called Chesil Beach in Dorsetshire, England. To starboard rose the bulk of shingle and sand that acts as a giant breakwater for the harbor waters to port, where the course markers for the Johnnie Walker International Speed Sailing Week, 1984, were already in place. There would be no fetch, but the bank did nothing to abate the force of the prevailing screaming sou'westers, upon which the competitors at this event were pinning their hopes for world sailing speed records.

I pulled off the road, the one I'd traveled daily 30 years ago to take my submarine to sea from Portland Naval Dockyard, and joined the clutter of cars and trailers serving as temporary headquarters. At the press office I confirmed what the limply hanging sponsor's flags had told me already, that competitive sailing had been abandoned for the day. I rued the fact that there was to be no action and, also, that I had turned down a sail to Cowes that morning with some scions of the British yachting scene.

But I was even more disappointed to realize as I poked about, chatting up the odd body with nothing better to do, that mention of the magic words Amateur Yacht Research Society, or AYRS, rang bells with no one. The sponsors, J. Walker and Sons, Ltd., were unquestionably getting plenty of mileage out of the occasion (even the marker buoys were ten feet high whisky-bottle replicas), and so were the organizers, the Royal Yachting Association. But I was hard put to find anyone who had even heard of the AYRS, let alone someone willing to acknowledge the Society's unsung-hero role in pioneering and being subsequently responsible for the behind the scenes management of the

"Week".

I took this up with the colorful chairman of the AYRS Committee, Sir Reginald Bennett, and he gave this explanation: "Well, it's simply that when you're involved in something which is intended to attract publicity, I think it's very commonly accepted that you just don't diffuse the target. A good example is the votes of thanks at a winding up speech. I mean if you do thank everybody who needs thanking, then you put your audience to sleep." As a member of Parliament for 25 years (where, it is said, he made the best use of the House of Commons cellars since Guy Fawkes), Sir Reggie certainly is qualified to judge.

"However," the Society chairman went on, the AYRS deserves promotion. It's an absolutely unselfish body of people. It's an educational charity (non-profit organization), and it's one of the very few charitable charities I know of. The whole of the AYRS committee, bar one, are all actually working here, and I mean working. I've just come back from Brest where 120 people were employed, paid money, by the regatta authorities, while only a few of us amateurs run this event here, unpaid. Really, you see, as far as record-seeking is concerned, the AYRS has evolved into the World Speed Sailing Committee; the same people are involved. I don't push it, but it is implicit in the existence of this event that the whole thing was background engineered originally by the AYRS, and the people to whom it matters recognize the fact."

Sir Reggie spoke from a position of authority. As well as being chairman of the AYRS, he is chairman of the Royal Yachting Association Committee responsible for the International Speed Sailing Week, and chairman of the IYRU World Speed Sailing Record Committee.

Reinforcing Sir Reggie's comments about AYRS involvement in the "Week", I learned that one Society vice president was the official measurer, and that the other was the first chairman of the World Speed Sailing Record event and was among the AYRS stalwarts who pioneered the whole thing more than a decade ago. Michael Ellison, AYRS administrator since 1970, is on the World Speed Sailing Record Committee and the Portland Speed Sailing Committee, and is also official observer for the event. Michael oversees the time-keeping, and has been present at every occasion of a world record being set. The AYRS honorary treasurer co-ordinates the competitors on the beach, along with the timing ladies. The extent of the involvement is endless.

Portland, or Weymouth (for the adjoining seaside resort), Speed Week has evolved into an annual gathering at which innovators from all over the world can pit their sailing inventions against the clock to set world records in any of five classes rated according to sail area. MCP's will chortle to learn that these comprise the (up to and including) 10 Square Meter Class, the A (10 to 14), the B (14 to 22), the C (22 to 28), the Open (22 on up), and, wait for it, the Women's. During this years event, the perfect speed-sailing conditions (winds from the southwest at 40 knots) did

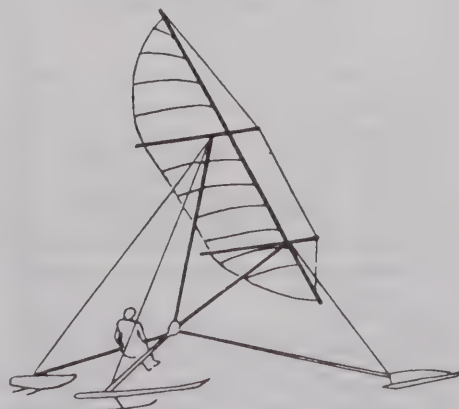
not prevail, and no world speed sailing records were broken. Except for one, the beautiful Baroness, American-born Jenna de Rosnay, doing her thing on a sailboard at 25.27 knots, and thus beating by 0.8 of a knot the previous women's record held by Marie Annick Maus.

Wind conditions notwithstanding, it is a fact of life at Speed Week these days that the Magnificent (AYRS) Men in their Flying Machines, by whom and for whom this annual meet was originally convened, are close to having their noses rubbed in it. What I mean is that, while the experimental yacht boffins have been applying their slide-rule minds for a decade or more, little significant increase in speed has been achieved over that period. Apart from *Crossbow II's* 33.8 knots (open class) in the 1977 week, the top speed was *Mayfly's* 23.0 knots. That was seven years ago. Coleman's *Crossbow II* bumped the open record up to 36.0 knots in 1980, and this year's fastest experimental boat, *Icarus*, failed by 1.59 knots to improve on her own 1983 record of 26.59 knots.

What this means is that in the past seven years immense dedication and expenditure of time (and money, too) have yielded a dividend of only a bare 3.59 knots gain in speed. In the meantime, the sailboard phenomenon has been accepted into the 10 Square Meter Class. Fred Hayward, of Hawaii, reached 30.82 knots in '83, with a few cubic feet of styrofoam and a wet-suit. And, despite adverse conditions, Jean-Pierre Siret didn't manage too bad a time a year later at 29.68 knots. The AYRS prize for the fastest vehicle in the 10 Square Meter Class (non-sailboard) was awarded to *Intermedia* at 13.12 knots. Oh, dear!


The sponsor's prize offerings this year were ten thousand English pounds for the boardsailer who cracked 60 kph (32.28 knots) and another ten grand for making 40 knots along the 500 meter course, an increase of four knots over *Crossbow II*. (reported to have done 50 in a gust, but that doesn't count). The money is still in the bank, but even if it wasn't, the question remains whether this nautical equivalent of Roger Bannister's four-minute mile is any more immune from successful attack than was Eric Tabarly's smashing of a 75-year-old transatlantic yachting mark. It seems that it just might be.

(To Be Continued)



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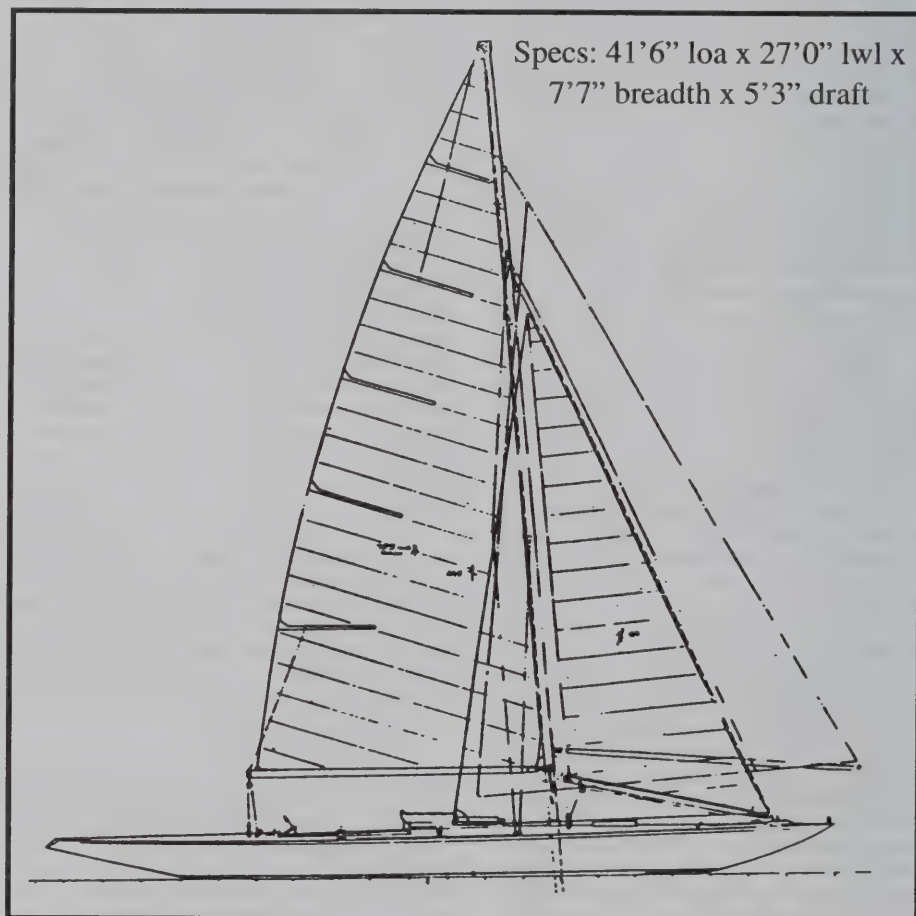
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Bolger on Design

Design #176

Daysailer/Overnighter *Orquidea*



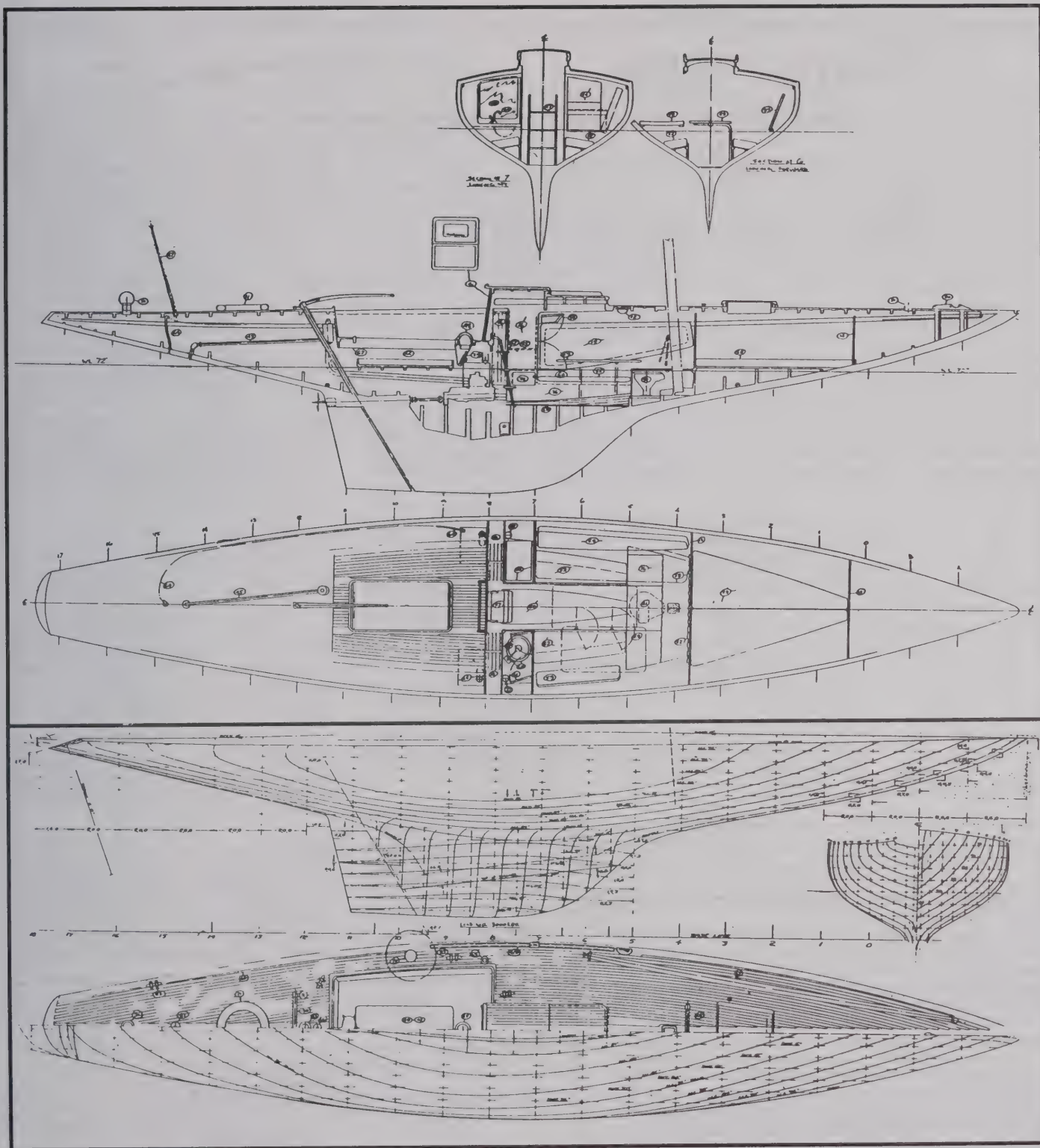
Orquidea was designed in 1963 for a Columbian yachtsman to use around the Balearic Islands and possibly to sail up to the Riviera ports occasionally. She was primarily for daysailing, but had to be capable of dealing with bad weather if caught out. The client had in mind a modified 6 meter boat, but he enthusiastically adopted our suggestion that a 30 square meter would make a better starting point. The outcome was about the dimensions of a 30 square meter, but slightly bulkier and deeper-bodied to have better overnight accommodations, and a little higher-sided to be drier in a steep sea.

Since she would sometimes be sailed single-handed, she was given a self-trimming jib and a luff spar on the jib to support the mast without having to handle running backstays. We suggested a rig with the luff spar stepped through the deck, no standing rigging at all, and both sails rolling around the (revolving) masts. It would have looked about the same to a casual glance, but was a lot quicker to get under way and put to bed, and to reef and unreef, but the idea was too far out for the owner. I think he did not believe that the mast would stand up without shrouds, though we showed him photos of Swedish Ljungstrom-rigged boats on which the rig was based. He did not object to flouting "The Rule" by making the spinnaker pole longer than the base of the fore triangle.

Cost was apparently no object. She was to be finished and detailed to a high yacht standard to cut a dash at Monaco or St. Tropez as well as in her home port of Palma. Even then we would have preferred to design a simplified model, like Ray Hunt's 510 design which would have had the same, or better, performance for half the money. For most people it would probably have been just as impressive to look at, though the sweet underbody of a boat like *Orquidea* certainly is an art object of a high order, if you ever get to see it.

It would now be possible to design a boat that did not need such deep water to sail, while being as good-looking, at least equally seaworthy, and not much, if any, slower or less weatherly. The conventional wisdom is that Mediterranean coasts are all steep-to, so deep draft is harmless, but that is simply not true (there are few, if any, places in the world where it is). The cruising backyard of *Orquidea's* builder faced a huge area of shallow flats, completely empty while the boats all crowded together in a dredged basin. At any rate, the client did not get her built after all.

As a matter of curiosity, this design is one of a few instances in the Bolger body of work where a "draftsman" took some of the drafting load. The drawing of the sail plan and the inboard arrangement plan were traced and detailed by Peter Collette, who would later pursue design on his own in England.



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Trailer Tips



When to Trailer

A boat weighing over 100 pounds will be difficult to cartop solo. Get a boat trailer. Also consider getting one if your boat has lots of pieces to be assembled with each use, if you load a lot of fishing gear every time you go boating, or if your car isn't suited to roof carriage.

Tow Vehicle

In general, I've found it prudent to tow about half the manufacturer's rated tow weight. I don't think the guys who rate tow weight are concerned with your vehicle's longevity or its ability to pull the weight up a steep slippery ramp. I've seen several times where a vehicle could pull a boat on the highway, but couldn't pull the rig up a ramp.

Tongue Weight

First you need to locate your boat fore and aft on the trailer such that the tongue weight (the weight that rests on the hitch ball) is 10-15% of the total. I doubt if there are a dozen people in the world who know the weight of their boat/trailer combination. A 15-footer like my plywood Pencilbox probably weighs 400 or 500 pounds with a typical trailer. So 50 pounds would be a good tongue weight. It's also all most of us care to lift and push around. If your trailer tongue is too heavy to lift with reasonable effort, you will need a wheeled trailer on the tongue. Slide the hull fore and aft on the trailer until you've got it. Be ready for a surprise. Most likely a sailing or rowing hull will be well aft of the typical

power fishing boat location the trailer manufacturer expected. I found a trailer meant for a 12' powered skiff is just right for a 16' plywood trailer sailer.

Most trailers will allow you to adjust the tongue weight by shifting the axle fore and aft. They have their suspension simply clamped in position. Unclamp the whole works and shift it to relocate the wheels and change the tongue weight.

Now for Those Bunks

With the boat located fore and aft, we'll size up some custom bunks. I can think of three ways to support the typical rockered hull, and none include the 2x4 longitudinal

bunks that come with most trailers. See Figure 2. Here a flattie is mounted on two cross-wise bunks, one forward and one aft, such that the weight bears only on the chines. The chine corners are very stiff and strong and nothing will happen to her.

Look at Figure 3. Here a multichine is supported similarly, but with no hard chine to carry the load she must be carefully cradled. The cradles should be located directly under hardpoints such as bulkheads to avoid deforming the hull. A V bottom hull with a lot of rocker should be supported the same way.

Look at Figure 4. Here a plywood sheet as wide as the bottom forms a "sling" and distributes the load over a wide area instead of just at a couple of points. This is probably the most gentle system and has other advantages such as being able to do general hauling. This type of bunk doesn't need padding, but the other two types should.

Winch Post

Keeping in mind the tongue weight conditions, the winch post must be shifted to meet the boat and not visa versa

This part provides a strong point for a winch and for a rubber block which acts as a forward stop for the hull. With the hull sitting on its bunks, the bow line to the winch should be almost all forward force with little down force. I've seen boat bottoms deformed by being winched down tightly at the bow.

For lighter boats, say 500 pounds or less, try going winchless. Fasten a very sturdy belaying cleat or bar to the winch post. Push the bow hard to the rubber atop block and belay the boat's bow line to the post.

Goal Posts

Trailers should have at least a pair of goal posts to keep a boat well aligned with the trailer as the boat is floated in a crosswind. See Figure 5. Without the posts, launching and retrieving solo in a crosswind is about impossible without getting wet and strained. You may not

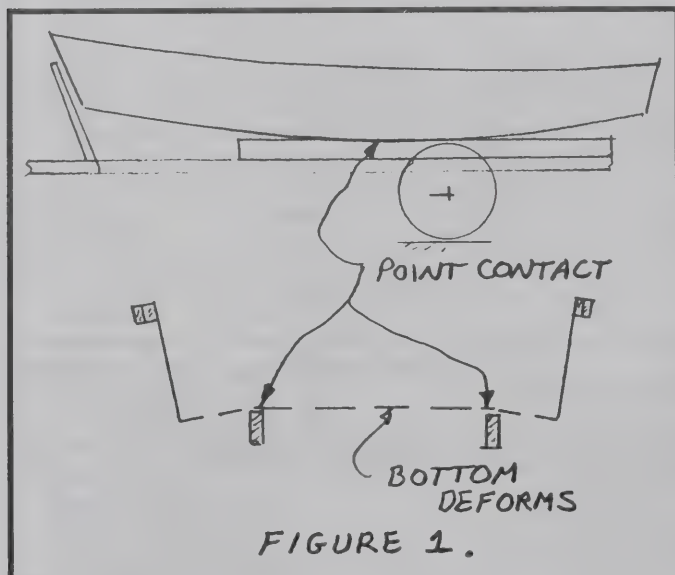


FIGURE 1.

Trailer Types

In general, traditional boat trailers made of galvanized channel are best. Frames of tubing are stiffer in torsion but can rust out from the inside without warning. The simplicity of traditional leaf spring suspension is nice. Use "Bearing Buddy" type hubs. I've heard it's preferred to pump grease into the hubs at the ramp just before launching the boat so there will be no air pockets in the bearings when they go into the water.

A low trailer is best. Used trailers are usually inexpensive but can be hard to find. Look for one as soon as you think you'll need one, say as soon as you start building a boat.

I've found it very convenient to finish a boat to the point of painting the bottom, turning it upright for the last time, and then mounting it straight on the trailer to complete the interior and top. It's sort of a work site on wheels. Wheel it around the shop as required.

Custom Bunks

Most likely the trailer you get will be set up to carry a flat bottom or V bottom fishing hull with a long straight run. The bunks usually are padded 2x4's running fore and aft.

Most likely you'll have to scrap that bunk system and build a custom set for your boat. Most homebuilt sailers and rowboats have enough rocker in their bottoms to contact those longitudinal bunks only in one spot. The entire weight bears on that one spot and the hull will deform there. See Figure 1 for what can happen. We'll return to this subject after we've found the best place for your boat on the trailer.

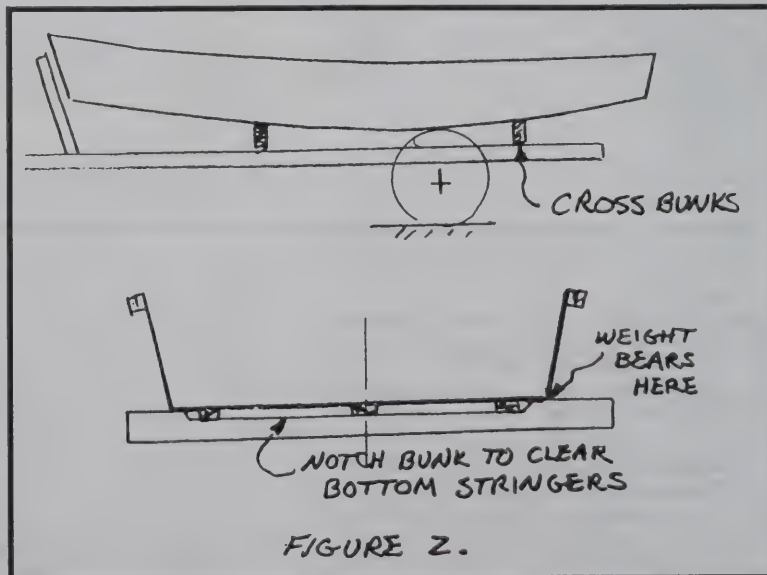


FIGURE 2.

need posts if you have a V bottom sitting in high cradles which act as goal posts as in Figure 3.

I've seen fishermen use very tall posts with trailer lights mounted on the tops. Not only does that preclude having to disconnect the lights while launching, but the trailer is better illuminated in the driver's rear view mirror at night. That's a problem with normal trailer lights. Sometimes you can't see your own boat and trailer tagging along behind you. At any rate, the posts need to be tall enough so they stick up about a foot out of the water when the trailer is immersed. Then you know exactly where your trailer is.

To launch a boat from a trailer with goal posts, you back down the ramp until the boat is almost totally afloat, perhaps only the bow is resting lightly on its bunk. You disconnect the bow line, push the boat aft, totally afloat now, beyond the goal posts, and pull the boat back to the ramp on the downwind side of the trailer.

People who go fishing everyday get very good at this. They untie the boat before backing and retie the bow line to the trailer with lots of slack. They back down the ramp until the boat is nearly afloat, jab the brakes, and drive forward a bit. The boat jerks off the trailer when the brakes are applied, the bow line catches it after it has drifted past the end of the trailer. Then the boat is pulled forward by the vehicle until its bow rests gently on the ramp. The driver now only disconnects the bow line which is totally high and dry at this point. Essentially he's launched his boat without getting out of his car!

To retrieve, you put the trailer on the leeside of the boat and, HOLDING THE BOW LINE, push the boat beyond the goal posts and let the wind (or momentum) drift it between the posts. Then pull it onto the trailer with the bow line, secure it and drive off. Power boaters often just drive their boats onto the partially submerged trailer.

Side Bunks

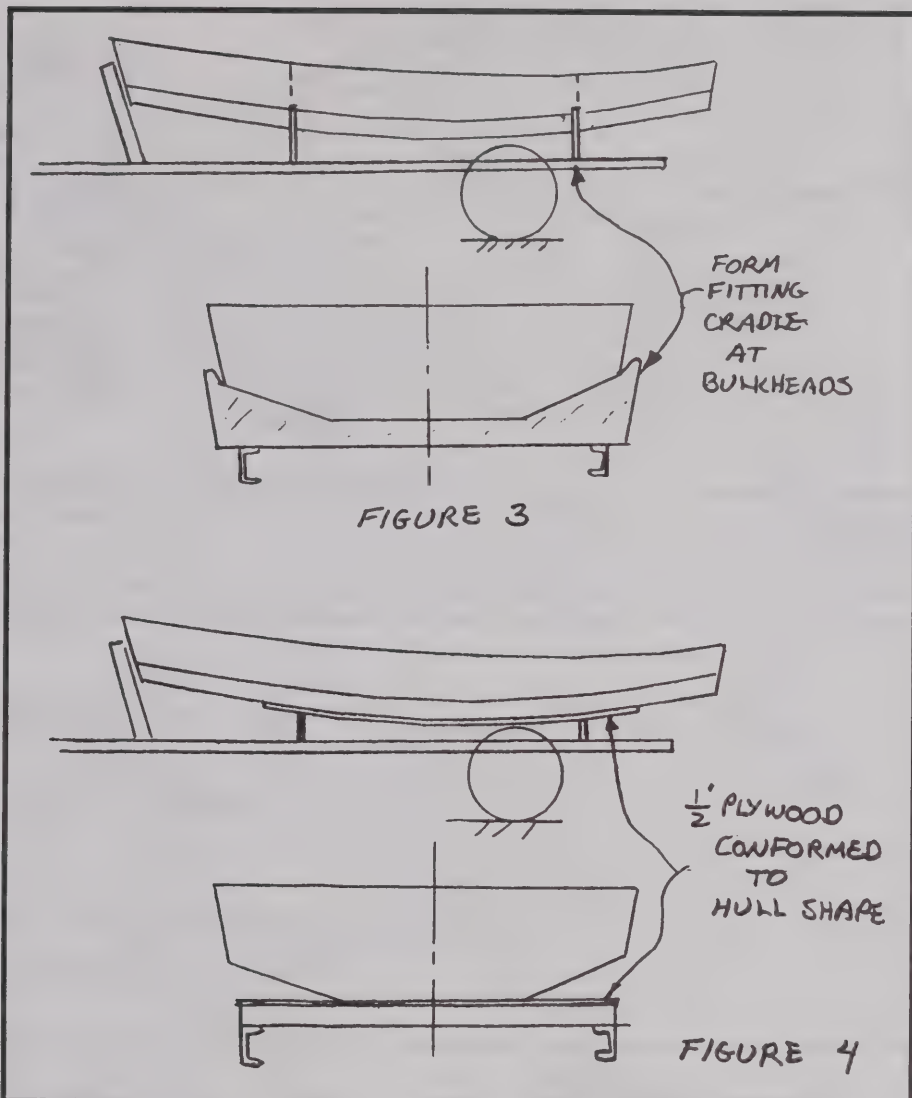
With a goal post on each side of your trailer, your boat can still try to escape at an angle between the posts. The solution is another set of posts forward with padded boards connecting to the aft posts. See Figure 6. You create a slot in which to berth your boat. It's probably the most secure bunk system.

I recommend you make the side bunks fit into sockets for quick removal. I did that with my 24' Birdwatcher and have no trouble launching and retrieving solo. Here's how.

Arriving at the ramp, I take close note of the wind direction and remove the bunk that will be upwind during the launch. I back down the ramp until she's just afloat, tied loosely at the bow, and the wind pushes her against the downwind bunk. Now I need only untie the bow and pull the boat off to the upwind side of the trailer and beach it next to the rig. I don't have to push the boat aft through the goal posts and float it to the downwind aide of the rig, which can get pretty frightening with a big boat in a big wind. The downwind bunk is always there to catch and hold the boat. Retrieval is the reverse of the loading.

Tie Downs

Heavy boats will need winches to be pulled securely to the winch post. You'll be surprised how greasing the trailer bunks makes this easier. Then the boat is secure fore and

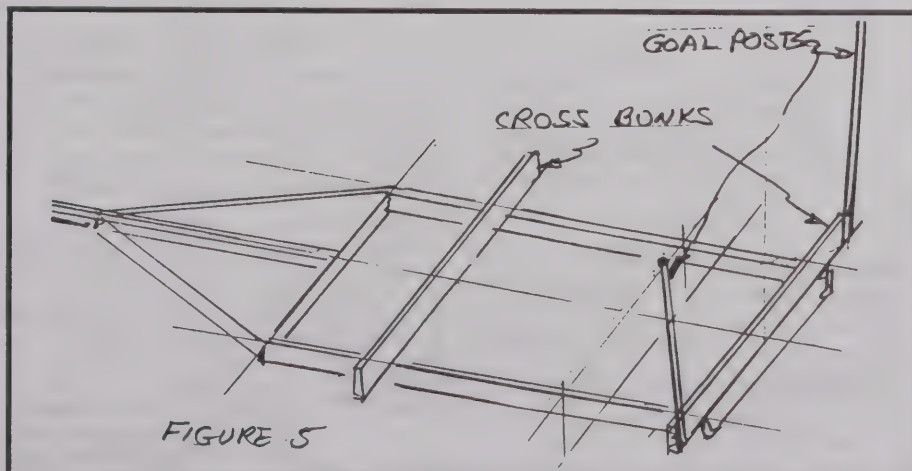


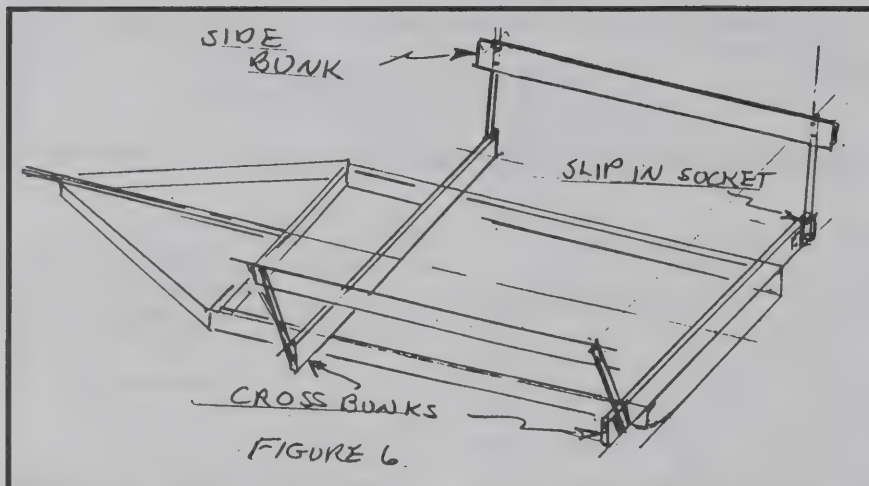
aft. With the elaborate bunks that fishermen use, the hull is secure sideways, too. And that's all that's really needed. Sometimes the stern is also strapped to the end of the trailer.

With a sailing hull that weighs less than 500 pounds, I forego the winch. I leave the hull tethered loosely to the winch post while she's still on the ramp. The goal posts secure her sideways. Once I pull her up the ramp and onto the parking lot, the hull settles onto the

bunks, and I shove it forward hard against the winch post stop.

Then I retie the bow line by belaying it to a heavy cleat on the winch post. Next I have a 1/2" diameter line tied to the trailer frame, near the aft bunk, which I pass tightly over the hull and down to a stout cleat on the other side of the trailer frame, to which I belay the line. I prefer the pull of that aft line to be not only down but slightly forward to provide a





backup for the line to the winch post. I usually run the aft line through oar sockets so it won't slip on the hull.

Between the two lines and the goal posts there is redundancy. Only two of the three are needed to secure the boat. Yet untying the boat is a 30 second operation with no loose lines to

keep track of. The bow line stays with the boat and the aft line stays with the trailer.

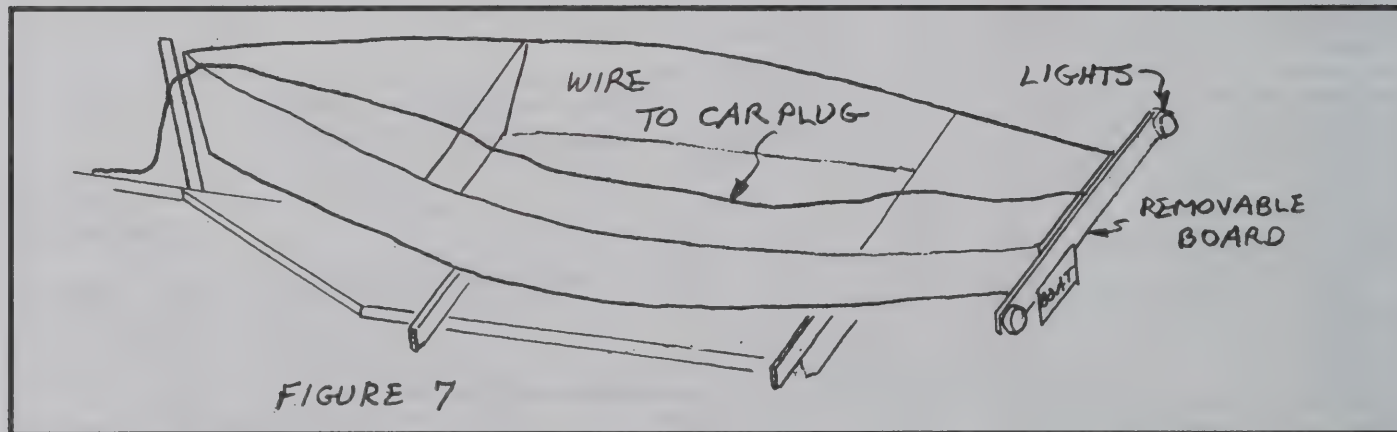
Lights

Trailer lights should be unplugged before dunking in the water.

For a long sailboat which protrudes way beyond the end of the trailer, make a board which holds the lights to the stern of the hull, up high so you can see them yourself in the mirrors at night. It should be quickly removable. I mount the license plate up there, too, but I'm not sure if that is legal. As for wiring, simply have a long loose lead that you unreel from the board down the boat's center to mate with your tow car's plug. This sort of rig is far better than normal trailer lights, which are mounted low and well short of the hull's stern.

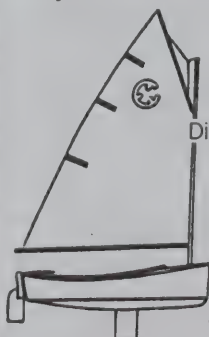
Finally...

Always keep in mind that your trailering should be a quick safe and easy operation. After each use give some contemplation to any irritations and dream up some solutions.



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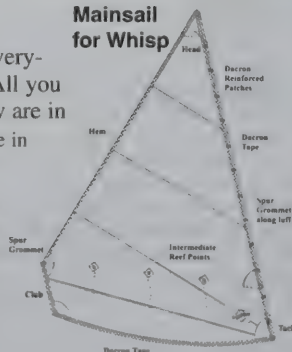
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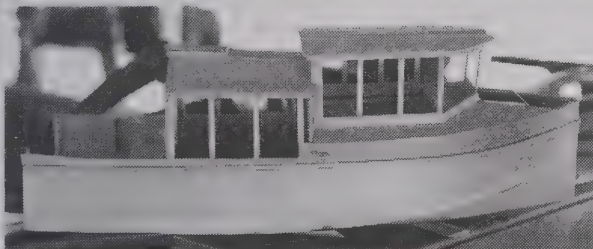


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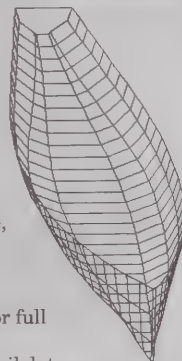
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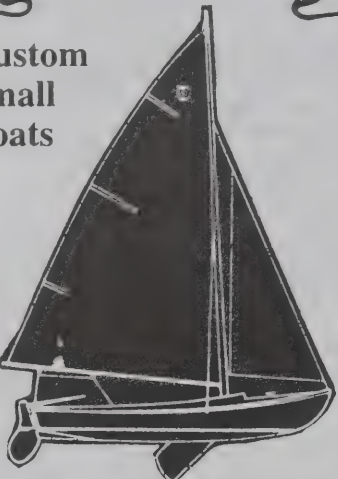
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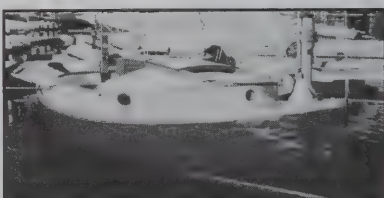
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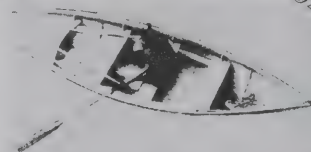
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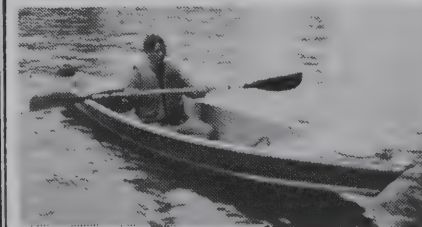
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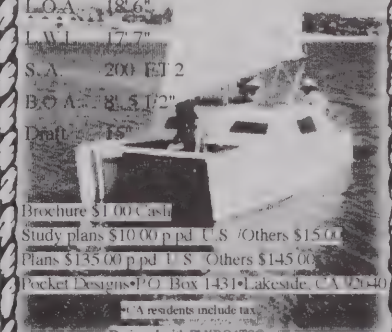
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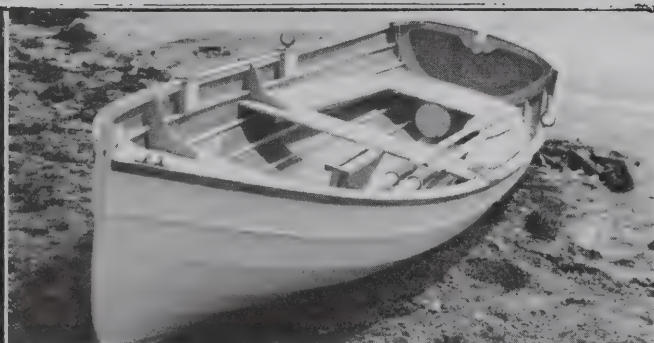
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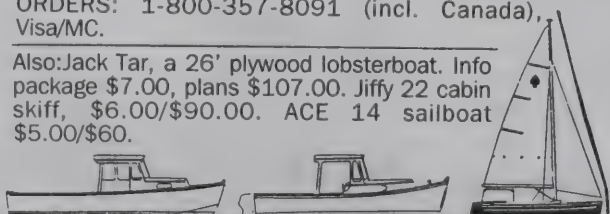
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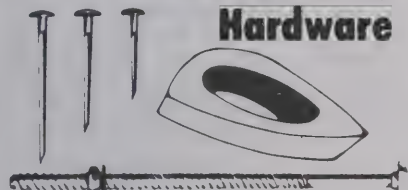
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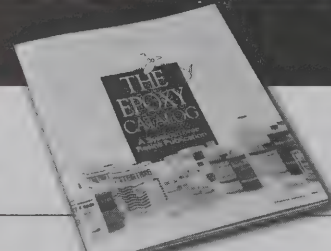
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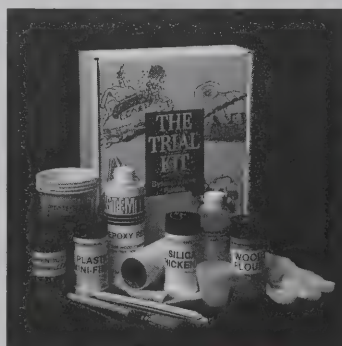
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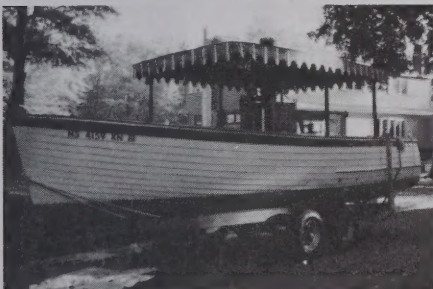
Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

Too Many Canoes: 16'9" Blackhawk, "Waters Meet", ivory FG w/white ash & black walnut. \$1,200. 14'2" Blackhawk, "Zephyr", green turquoise kevlar layup, white ash, black walnut. \$1,200. 11'8" Blackhawk, "Shadow", green turquoise FG, white ash. \$800. 20' Old Town, Guide, '34, w/canvas, spruce gunwales. \$500. TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

17' Old Town OCTA Canoe, AA grade w/sailing equipment. Blt '25, orig cond. \$1,200 OBO. RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (516) 757-3087 eves & wknds. (21)

19' Cape Dory Typhoon, weekender model (with cabin). This was Tom's boat in his later tales we published. I bought it from him when he upsized to a liveaboard, thinking I'd rehab it and go sailing. Now I see this isn't going to happen. It's all there as it was when Tom sailed in it, with no major problems, but needs dozens of small to middling fixings up that Tom never bothered with. It's on a tandem aluminum trailer. \$2,000 firm. Plan on a lot of backyard detailing, but not much \$\$ expense. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)



24' Lyman Steamboat, vy gd cond. Compound condensing steam engine, copper water tube Roberts boiler, engine driven water feed, water & vacuum pumps, bronze shaft & 19"x 30" prop. Fringed canopy, safety equipment & tandem trlr. Compl & ready to steam. Call for photo & info. \$11,500. CHUCK BAIMA, Wilmington, MA, (508) 658-3526. (21)

Little Hustler, 13'6" kids' sail trainer. New design shown at Mystic '96 and Maine Boatbuilders' Show '97. Wood w/Awlgrip finish. \$4,500 w/trlr. TOM DOANE, Apple Creek Boatworks, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-7689. (21P)

'52 Old Town Runabout, 13' cedar lapstrake, center deck, nice lines, gd cond. \$225. BOB WADON, Randolph, MA, (781) 963-2036. (21)

16-1/2' Wianno Junior, one design sloop. Blt '52, restored '95-'97. 2 masts & 2 suits sails. New CB trunk, skeg, rudder, cockpit flrbrds, deck canvas & hrdwre, boom tent/cockpit cover. Galv trlr. Overall cond exc. \$6,000 OBO. TOM KLIN, Essex, CT, (860) 767-8954. (21)

15'6" Whisp Rowing Skiff, okoume ply, African mahogany transom, caned seats, bright sheerstrake, buff hull, green dynel covered bottom, oars & bronze hrdwre. Turns heads wherever she goes. \$950. KEVIN BRENNAN, Baltimore, MD, (410) 254-7957. (21)

12' German Koralle Sloop, FG, alum mast/boom, gd sails. Sacrifice \$500. **14' Flying Fish Hull,** FG, hull only. \$200. **12' Old Town Pack Canoe,** little used. \$300. Sell or trade for German cameras. LANE PALMER, P.O. Box 1043, Marble Falls, TX 78654, (830) 693-4646. (21)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to use of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

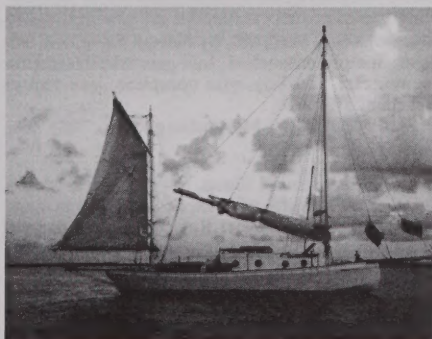
15' Bristol Pilot Launch, unusual small harbor launch designed by Ray Hunt and blt in FRP by Gull Marine, Padanaram, MA in '72. Powered by Palmer 4cyl IB w/recent overhaul & many spares, tiller steering. Topsides Awlgripped & hrdwre rebbed. Ready to go w/trlr. \$4,500. DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (22)

11-1/2' Beverly Sailboat, w/trlr. Fully equipped, vy gd cond. \$1,200. JOHN LITFIN, Landing, NJ, (973) 398-1954, email: W2JCM@Juno.com (22)

Canoes: Mad River tandem flatwater racing canoe. \$300. Wenona kevlar tandem flatwater racing canoe. \$600. Old Town OTCA, nds canvas. \$200. CLIFF WELCH, Raynham, MA, (508) 880-0467. (22)

Crestliner Kodiak 18, welded alum skiff, '96. Bow rail, lights, Karavan trlr '96, jack, spare, raised lights. All in exc cond. Asking \$3,850. GENE HICKEY, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-8157. (22)

Charlotte, 11'6" frameless lapstrake canoe, professionally blt by Tom Hill of VT. Ultralight at 25lbs. Red w/beige top strake covered by bright mahogany gunwales & backrest. Dbl ash paddle by Shaw & Tenney. Spritsail rig. New cond. \$800, half new price. Will deliver within 150 miles. TONY FIORE, Palm Coast, FL, (904) 446-5519. (21)



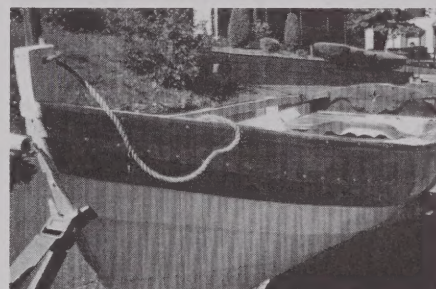
'53 Seabird Yawl, gaff rigged, 26' LOD (36' LOA), 4' draft full keel. Oak frame, mahogany planked (FG skin) all bronze hrdwre, 12 opening ports. Vy salty character boat. Nds TLC, mostly paint. Must sell now. Vy negotiable under \$9,000. ALEXANDER, Ormond Beach, FL, (904) 441-5049. (21)

'65 Pearson Triton, #559, fwc Atomic 4, compl Moyer notes, dodger, new stdng & rnng rigging, main, 135, S, J, drifter new in last 3 yrs, spinnaker & worker gd, steel cradle, 6 ton flatbed available. \$9,000. PHIL DESMOND, Washington, CT, (860) 868-2036 eves. (21)



'94 Bolger Microtrawler, new galv trlr, vy nice. 100hrs on boat w/new 10hp Honda. \$11,000. Bob Cushing, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776 or (315) 687-7220. (21)

Little Wing, 19' ply/epoxy cat yawl, similar to Bolger's Long Micro. Launched '97. Incl 5hp British Seagull & trlr. Must sell. Wife made me get bigger boat.. \$4,000. JOHN CHURCHILL, 621 River Strand, Chesapeake, VA 23320, (757) 625-4878 work, (757) 547-7714 home. (21)



10' Wooden Chaisson Tender, 4' beam. Oak stem, frames & cleats; mahogany transom, sheer, seats; sideboards are marine plywood; bottom & garboards are fiberglassed. Blt to last 40 yrs. '88 grad of Whittier VoTech boat school, Haverhill, MA. Price \$1,995. GALVIN'S BOAT SHOP, 3 Westford St., Saugus, MA 01906, (781) 231-5490. (1P)

Undine Is For Sale, Thayer blt hull. Lightweight New York Whitehall, Fig. 72 *American Small Sailing Craft*. Compl sailing gear, gaff or sprit rig, your choice of sails & spars. Oars extra. Flotation tanks blt in. She's debugged so it's time to get a new boat (another Thayer blt bare hull). \$1,600. This is a go anywhere & be classy boat. ERIC RUSSELL, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 646-1224. (22)

25' Tancook Whaler, Nimbus designed by Peter Van Dine & seen in *Fourth Book of Good Boats* by Roger C. Taylor. Sound glass hull on custom trlr. No deck, spars or cabin. Have sails & rigging. \$800. DOUG HARTLEY, Columbia, SC, (803) 256-7226. (22)

15'x 7' Marsh Cat Catboat, '89. Wooden Boat design by Joel White. Cold molded w/4 layers of Honduran mahogany, covered in 6oz cloth & epoxy in '97. A wooden boat made for dry sailing, ready on a '95 Calkins trlr. New flrbrds. Spruce spars & sail in vy gd cond. Will incl electric trolling motor, 12v battery & charger. A classic in exc shape. \$6,500 OBO.

RUS O'CONNELL, 533 W. Lemon St., Lancaster, PA 17603, (717) 299-1663, email: R_OConnell@acad.fandm.edu (22)

Pat Moore Reverie Solo Canoe, w/ash trim, 2 saddles (small & medium), kneeling pad, Moore paddle & fleece paddle bag, thwart bag. \$700 OBO. EDWARD FEINBERG, 25 Winthrop Rd., Brookline, MA 02146, (617) 734-6507. (22)

14' Cosine Wherry Rowboat, absolutely gorgeous! Professionally bilt '97 of best materials. Hand caned seats, canvas cover. \$3,000. Call for particulars. HERB STONE, Pompano Beach, FL, (954) 782-5829. (22)

12' Old Town Sportboat, '54, cedar & canvas, recently restored. 4' beam w/63 Evinrude 6hp OB, trlr. \$3,000. BROOKS ROBBINS, Hingham, MA, (781) 749-1312 eves. (22)

'73 Bristol 26, w/remote 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke; dark green, all gear; sailaway, exc cond. Slps 5, full hdm, bimini. \$6,200 OBO. **'68 Columbia Challenger 24'**, flush deck, slps 4; grt family pocket cruiser w/custom cradle; vy clean; compl, sailaway. \$1,950 OBO. **'39 Morton Johnson K/CB Sloop 38'**, hull sound, compl gear, some minor storm damage. \$3,500 OBO. AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (22)

8' Prams, several of these newly constructed dinghies are now available painted or unfinished. Marine plywood on mahogany constr w/FG taped seams & SS fastenings. \$350. JIM DONOVAN, Harwich, MA, (508) 430-2155. (5P)

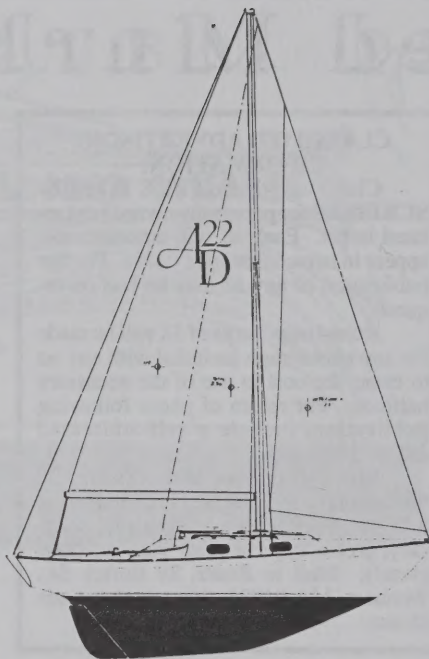


15'6" Gloucester Gull Dory, professionally bilt '95. Rows, tracks, carries beautifully. Yacht green hull, light buff interior. Cetol on seats, breasthook & gunwale. Like new cond, bronze fittings, dynel bottom. Must sell. Asking \$875. BERNARD POWER, Mystic, CT, (860) 445-4522 days, (860) 536-8637 eves, email: bkp@snet.net (22)



14' FG Sloop, 6' beam, '95 5hp long shaft Nissan OB w/fwd & rev & separate gas tank. Wood mast, boom & CB. Trlr. Gd stable daysailer. \$2,000. RICHARD NICOLL, Guilford, CT, (203) 453-4230. (22)

O'Day Daysailer, w/trlr, nice cond. \$2,500. New Port 16', slps 2, w/new trlr. \$1,995. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (22)



Pristine '79 Alberg 22, full keel pocket cruiser w/4 bunks. Awlgripped navy blue. Brightwork redone & beautiful. Compl inventory Ulmer Koliuss sails. '96 8hp Yamaha w/6amp alternator. 250lb mushroom & chain. Origo stove & Horizon Eclipse VHF w/mast antenna. Fully equipped. Exc sailaway cond. Located Glen Cove, NY. \$9,800. LEE TRACHTENBERG, Glen Cove, NY, (516) 676-4752. (22)

12-1/2' Dyer Sailing Dinghy, '76 w/'81 Johnson 4.5hp OB. \$2,500. ROBERT IZZO, N. Kingstown, RI, (401) 294-3567. (22)



16' Custom Sea Skiff, (sistership shown), plywood, epoxy saturated w/all FG exterior set in epoxy. Rugged traditional looks w/low maintenance. \$1,350 ready for paint. BILL GREENOUGH, Berlin, CT, (860) 828-0425 eves. (22)

Simmons Sea Skiff 18', by Nelson Silva. Kit, FG & marine ply untouched. Incl galv trlr, instruction manul, etc. You buy, you complete, you enjoy! Bargain at \$1,750. PHILIP WOOTEN, Martinsburg, WV, (304) 264-0845. (22)

20' Rival Masthead Sloop, FG twin keel, Lloyds certificate. Extra jibs, spinnaker & gear. Trlr. In mast-up storage in Marina del Ray, CA. Sailboat free, 6hp Evinrude OB \$400. ROLLIN DAL PIAZ, Culver City, CA, (310) 641-5523, 6-9pm PST. (22)

BOATS WANTED

Sailing Dinghy or Daysailer, 12'-16' w/trlr & gear. Consider damaged but repairable, or simply neglected in nd of restoration. MALCOLM FULLER, 107 Quaker Path, Stony Brook, NY 11790, (516) 689-6490 (phone & fax), email: 106660.2764@Compuserve.com (21)

Alden Appledore Pod, or equivalent rowing skiff. DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (22)

16' Whitehall Design, 2 oarsman pulling rowboat. HARVEY PERRY, Westerly, RI, (401) 596-3339. (22)

Old Town Molitor Canoe, price should be equal to cond. GEORGE KEITH, Hightstown, NJ, (609) 448-1644. (22)

16' Wood Whitehall. J.R. STILGOE, 161 Central St., Norwell, MA 02061, (781) 659-2090. (122)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Free International Star Sails & Mast, 2 mains in gd cond, 2 jibs in vy gd cond, mast for fittings. TOM KLIN, Essex, CT, (860) 767-8954. (21)

Gaff Main & Foresail, for 26' schooner, 300sf total sail area. Many other small mains & jibs at reasonable prices. Wooden spars, masts & booms. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (22)

New Gambell & Hunter Tanbark Sail, should fit many small Bolger boats. Luff 166", foot 106", leach 158". \$75 incl UPS. BOB BROWN, 12936 Glaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124. (22)

Complete Suit Sails From 24' Bristol, #1, #2 & #3 jibs, main w/2 reefs, cruising spinnaker. I went tanbark. JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, fax (716) 284-7645. (22)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

Sunfish Rig, sail, mast, spars, any reasonable cond if price is right. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405, (910) 686-4184, email: DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net (21)

Main & Jib, for S.F. Bay Pelican. AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (22)

Sails, for 16'9" Windjammer CB sloop bilt by Chesapeake Marine Industries in Newport News, VA in the '60's. Also nd any info on boat and owners' association if any. TOM WESSON, JR., Tupelo, MS, (800) 280-7372 wkdays. (21)

Used Sails, for Cape Dory Typhoon, main & jib. ERIC RISCH, 38 Hayden Pt. Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858, email: eris7405@uriacc.uri.edu (22)

Old Wooden Mast, 18'-25' tall, incl hrdwre. RAY WISNER, Hebron, NH, (603) 744-2303. (21P)

GEAR FOR SALE

British Seagull OB Motors (2), released from service. 5-1/2hp long shaft, fwd-neutral-rev w/alternator ('80's) & 5hp long shaft fwd-neutral ('70's). Grt looking reliable engines but too hard to pull start for my young kids. I don't have time to put them back into Bristol cond so I've reluctantly decided to replace them w/something more modern. Both rugged legendary OB's were used last season, both start & run well, both nd some attention. Orig manuals, some parts, contact for additional parts incl. \$250 for the 5-1/2 alternator, \$200 for the 5hp, \$425 or BO for both. DAN EDSON, 11 Salem St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-0123, email: varney@seacoast.com (22)

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Metal Name Plates, 2 Carver, 1 Century. Trade for Lyman name plates or sell for BO. **DAVID STENNETT**, Twin Lake, MI, (616) 893-8110. (21)

Outboards, '58 & '52 Evinrude 25hp basket cases, mostly compl, gd lower ends. \$175 for both. **Pressure Gas Tanks**, 2 old style for OB w/hose fittings. \$55 ea. **BOB WADON**, Randolph, MA, (781) 963-2036. (21)

Harken Unit 2 Furling Drum, w/halyard swivel, \$500. **Danforth 40S**, \$100. **Danforth 35 Plow**, \$150. **Danforth Style Anchor**, approx 35lbs. \$75. **Lifting OB Motor Bracket**, \$50. **Alum Boom**, 9'6"x 2-1/4"x 3-3/4", \$100. **Bomar Hatch**, 27-1/2"x 23-1/2", \$200. **Drill Press**, floor model, 16 speed, \$150. Call, make offer. **THE RIGGING LOCKER**, Port Washington, NY, (516) 883-3756. (23P)

British Sea Gull, 5.5hp Silver Century Plus, long shaft w/clutch, extra tank, parts & manual. A grt motor. \$350. **JIM CASNER**, Canton, OH, (330) 499-3164. (22)

Fin Bulb Keels, 2 cast iron, 900lbs (Star boat) & 400lbs. **HOLT VIBBER**, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (22)

FG OB Rudder, white gelcoat w/green bottom paint, 6'2" tall x 17" wide underwater w/42" varnished tiller attached. Two pintles, Schaefer hrdwre. Found in Nantucket sound after hurricane, in vy gd shape. \$50 plus shipping.

T. HORNOR, 239 Eel River Rd., Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-2301, email: thornor@cape.com (21)

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Tom McGrath's Short Tales, boxful found during recent cross country move. Readers of Tom's bygone series of adventures with his Townie and the *Damn Foole* in this magazine interested in purchasing one of these amusingly illustrated 8-1/2"x 11" bound books, may do so by sending check for \$12 payable to the undersigned (Tom's daughter). Proceeds will help fund Tom's next adventure at sea. **ERIN RUOCCO**, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

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CUBBERLEY & SHAW, Box 607AB, Groton, MA 01450-0607. (8P)

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MARK STEELE, 42 Trinidad Rd., Forest Hill, Auckland, NZ (22P)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 12', 23lbs, bld in 3 wknds. \$35pp.

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\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405. (TF)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (508) 462-2072. (TFP)

Info, Brochures, Etc., from Gull Marine of Padanaram, MA, particularly on 15' Bristol Pilot Launch model.

DON WIGGIN, Belmont, MA, (617) 484-6982. (22)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Atomic 4 Workshop, a workshop on the Universal Atomic 4 motor will be held in Salem, MA on Saturday March 14, '98. Contact:

DAVE BUTLER, The Trolley Depot, (978) 745-3003, www.trolleydepot.com/event (22P)

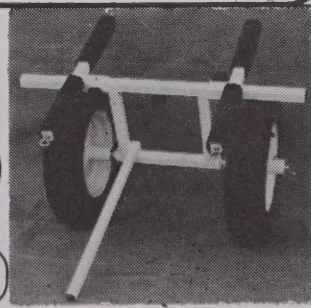
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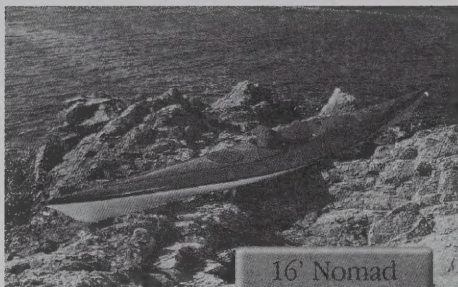
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